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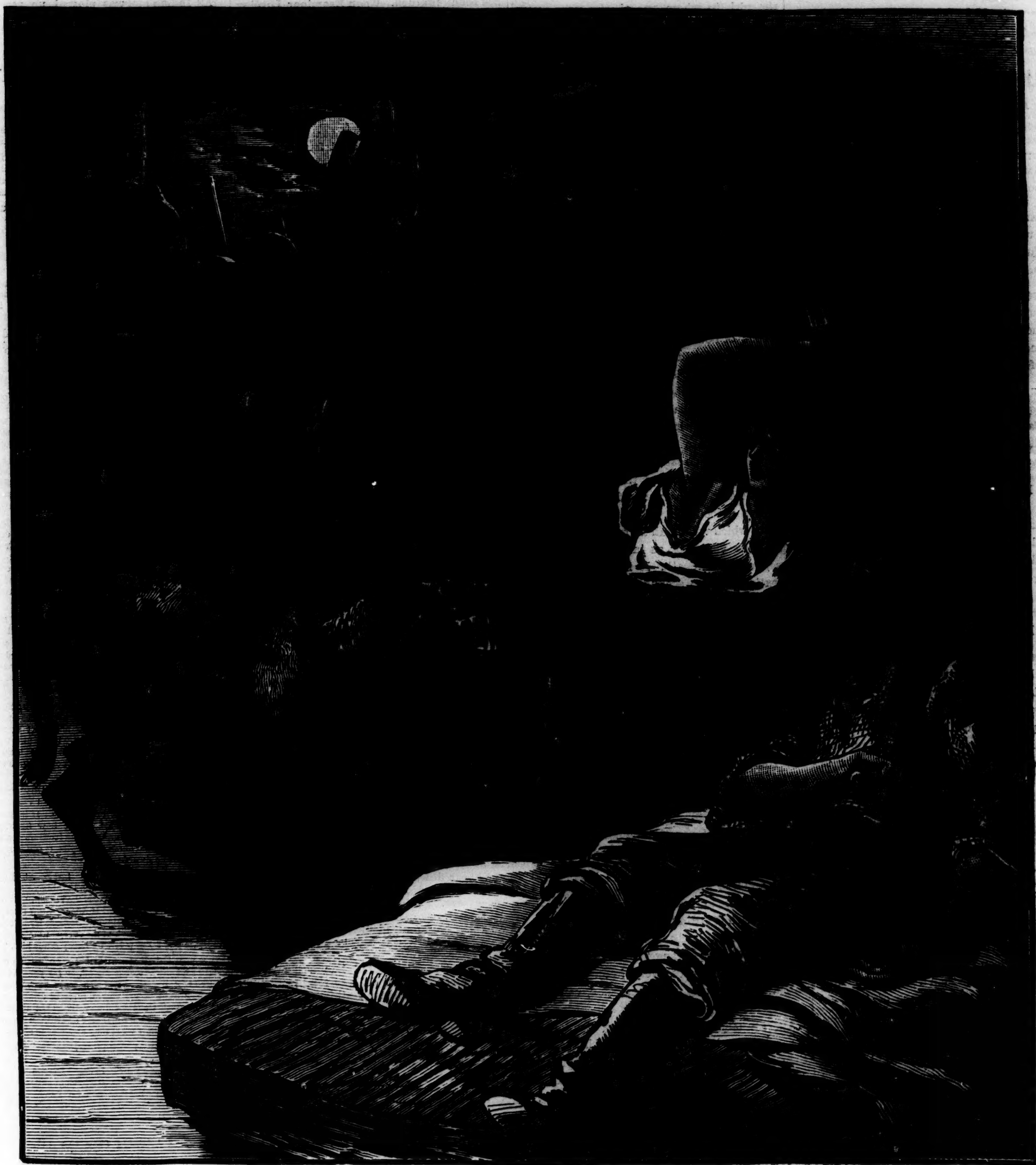
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TRUE TO THE LAST.

THE MISTRESS OF A DYING MOONSHINER DEFENDS HIM IN HIS LAST MOMENTS AGAINST THE ATTACK OF THE HUMAN AND BRUTE BLOOD-HOUNDS OF THE LAW, WHO HAVE TRACKED HIM TO HIS HIDING PLACE.



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POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK.

CAMP meetings are now in full blast and parsons are consequently happy.

WANTED: Material for a sample American jury under the present antediluvian system. For further particulars inquire at New Haven, Conn.

A YOUNG man of twenty-four has married his aunt, aged 88, in Buffalo, and Judge Lewis, of the municipal court, who performed the ceremony, says a complainant there is no law of the State forbidding it.

THE Queen City of the West is unfortunately acquiring a reputation as a bad place very fast. Murders are every-day occurrences and the press of that city are crying loudly to the authorities to erect more gibbets.

ELI PERKINS, "Gath," Private Dalzell and other professional prevaricators will find their laurels growing dim if they do not wake up and look to the manufacturers of "Presidential bulletins." Lying is as easy as rolling off a log. If you once get the hang of it, and so far the most proficient in the business are those who keep the public informed of the President's condition.

CONNECTICUT was for a long time supposed to be the banner divorce State, but Massachusetts is coming to the front. It will cause some surprise to learn that the latter State, with a population of less than 1,800,000, has granted three-quarters as many divorces as has England, with a population of over 24,000,000. It is being questioned again in this connection how much education has to do with morals.

A SUGGESTION. Since Guiteau has demonstrated his ability to wallop his keepers why not remove him to the Massachusetts State prison and let him try his muscle on the keepers? According to accounts of the brutal way that institution is managed he might succeed in carving a little of the brutality out of the prison officials. And then again they might be more than a match for him. Either way it would be a case of "dog eat dog."

It seems that old Spotted Tail was a regular Don Juan and had ingratiated himself at different times into the favor of one hundred and fifteen squaws of all ages. It is said, moreover, that he had cast an eye of passionate attachment upon one of the domestic interests of Crow Dog, which circumstance tended to expedite his manner of dying. And now his murderer apologizes in the language of Brutus: "As he was ambitious, I slew him."

MORAL MURDER.

Whether the young woman of New Haven, Jennie Cramer, was murdered, or whether in a fit of remorse, shame and despair, she became "one more unfortunate, weary of breath," has not been established, but there is sufficient proof to show that the young man named Malley were morally her murderers. It is clear enough from the evidence thus far presented that these young men cruelly, remorselessly and systematically sought the ruin of this girl. She was uncommonly handsome, and though she might not have been wholly inexperienced was, it seems, innocent of any serious transgression until she met with these young libertines. The woman who was taken from New York to New Haven and is called Blanche Douglass went at the solicitation of her paramour, one of the Malleys, and for no other purpose, it would appear, than by the wiles of the courtesan to aid in the debauchery of the girl, to whom one of the young men had taken a deadly fancy. The purpose, it is clear from the evidence of medical experts, was accomplished. In a case of this kind it would be better, undoubtedly, if the law were permitted to mete out the prescribed punishment, which, unhappily, is wholly inadequate. Let it be supposed that the unfortunate victim of the snares laid coolly and cunningly for her ruin, went to her death without the immediate knowledge of her base seducers, yet is their offense worse than murder. They are not fit to live, and if upon so much evidence as is now available, the father of the poor girl were to make an end of the fellows who wrought the ghastly ruin, would not public sentiment justify the act? A crime more heinous than the deliberate and successful conspiracy of persons of both sexes to reduce a young woman to prostitution cannot be imagined—murder in comparison becomes respectable. The perpetrators should be exterminated, and if the law fails, has the unhappy victim no avengers? Growing up in most American communities is a class of young men, the sons of well-to-do fathers, whose aim in life seems the compassing of the ruin of young women. Any ordinary gratification of their passions is too tame. They must have the variety which will entail a lifetime of misery upon their victim, or, as in the New Haven case, her speedy death. It is the public duty to extirpate these scoundrels whenever they carry their plans too far.

HOW TO MAKE MURDER UNPOPULAR.

As to the punishment of murderers, the idea is revived by several papers that using these unhappy persons as subjects for medical experiment would be better than hanging them. The suggestion is one which goes the rounds periodically and is always worthy of attention. The case of the Washington assassin now naturally brings it up for general consideration. It has features which recommend it. Suggestion is made that the criminals be subjected to the influence of contagious diseases, to see if they will catch them, and if so what will follow. Such treatment would be in many respects objectionable, although it is difficult to see that it could be much more barbarous or brutal than hanging. One paper suggests dog bites, to be given by dogs positively known to be rabid. Another suggests small-pox, cancer or cholera.

Another suggests the drowning of a murderer till the life is almost out of him and then letting him go free in case he revives. Another, an English one, suggests amputations, which seems like cruelty. The business might be quite as effectually done on less terrible diseases and afflictions. Let an ambitious rascal like Guiteau know that instead of being hung in presence of an admiring crowd, he is to take his chance of measles or the itch. There is nothing in these to gratify a love of notoriety. If Guiteau could

be hung in presence of fifty thousand people, he would be delighted, especially if he were allowed half an hour, with the noose about his neck, to speak a piece. Give him some mean disease on which to suffer in the privacy of compelled retirement from public gaze, and he would be utterly miserable.

A SHOCKING REVELATION.

A Medical Witness Who Declares That Ex-Senator Christianity Practiced Obstetrics Upon His Wife For an Illegal Purpose.

There were startling developments on the 19th inst. at the examination of witnesses in the Christianity divorce proceedings, showing that Mrs. Christianity does not propose that her ex-Senatorial and ex-Consulate husband shall have things all his own way. Since the affidavits and testimony taken in New York, which placed her in a questionable position before the world as far as her wifely purity is concerned, and which she maintains were false and a part of a conspiracy to effect her ruin, she has not been idle, and the developments show with what good effect her search has been rewarded. When Examiner Lovejoy took his seat and declared himself ready to proceed with the further examination of witnesses, the attorneys, examiner and spectators then sat back in anticipation of a dull session, with no material evidence, totally unprepared for the startling testimony which followed.

Counsel for Mrs. Christianity called Ambrose Folliott to the witness chair, with an air of confidence that betrayed him, and instantly every one present was on the alert for something sensational.

"What is your name?" was the first question asked.

"Ambrose Folliott," was the ready answer.

"What is your occupation?"

"I am a specialist and dealer in patent medicines in this city," he responded, in a loud tone.

It now became evident that there was to be a very unpleasant disclosure, and counsel for the ex-Senator became nervous and gathered closer to the witness, anxious to catch every word that dropped from his lips.

"Do you know Mr. Christianity, the plaintiff in this case, and did you ever have any business relations with him?"

"Yes, sir. In February, 1876, Senator Christianity called upon me for professional advice, and said that his wife was in a critical condition; said that possessing a good knowledge of obstetrics himself, he had performed an operation on his wife; that she was then suffering some and complaining greatly, and that something must be done for her at once. I agreed to furnish her some remedies, and at Mr. Christianity's urgent request I called upon her."

"Where did you see her?"

"I was brought into her bed-room by Mr. Christianity, and was introduced as a doctor called in upon her request."

"What did you discover?"

"I made an examination and discovered much inflammation, with every indication of an attempted abortion. I put up a prescription and left it for her to take at stated intervals."

"What next occurred?"

"Two days afterward Mr. Christianity called and told me that his wife was much easier. Two days after that he came again and said that Mrs. Christianity was again complaining, and desired another prescription."

"What did you then do?"

"I was once more brought to see her, and after examination I discovered that a second attempt at abortion had been made. Mrs. Christianity told me that an abortion was about to occur, and that Mr. Christianity had operated upon her with instruments against her protests."

"Did your connection with the case cease here?"

"I then left, and on the following Sunday Mr. Christianity came to me and told me that his wife had been delivered of a large fetus, and he desired to know if any further treatment was necessary. I told him that there was no need of any further treatment, when he asked me what my charge for medical services was, and being told that it was \$25, he paid it and left."

Mr. Folliott's testimony fell like a bomb-shell in the court room. It was totally unexpected by Mr. Christianity's attorneys, and they postponed the cross-examination of the witness.

A MAN in Seattle, W. T., labors under the hallucination that there is a conflict going on between the whites and blacks and that at the conclusion of that trouble, which would be next Christmas, he was to be crowned John the Evangelist. He was adjudged insane. An equally strange case of mania comes from Stockton, Cal. A man named Wm. Ahern has been living on Union Island, in the San Joaquin river, and has alarmed ranchers by his freaks. He was brought to town and examined. He imagines that his mother, father and sister have been shoved into the furnace of hell, which is heated with brimstone and oil, and that he is trying to rescue them.

SEASONING.

A BOY in Georgia was knocked off a mule by lightning the other day. The lightning didn't dare tackle the mule.

THAT new comet is coming, head down and tail up, for the earth. Thank heaven, we have a clear conscience anyhow.

WHEN a New Orleans man wanted his picture in an heroic attitude the artist painted him in the attitude of refusing to drink.

"Yes," he cried, passionately, "I love you so true, so true—" "Never mind, darling," said she, artlessly, "I'll have my trousseau ordered at once."

It takes eight hundred full-blown roses to make a tablespoonful of perfume, while ten cents worth of cooked onions will scent a whole neighborhood.

How wisely nature, ordering all below.

Forbade on woman's chin a beard to grow,
For how could she be shaved, whatever the skill,
Whose tongue would never let her chin be still?

No, "Constant Reader," you are mistaken. El Perkins is not the author of White House bulletins. Mr. Perkins is altogether too young and inexperienced as liar.

A VIRGINIA lady refuses to marry a bald-headed man, though he is a millionaire. She explains: "We'd have a family fight sometimes and no hair to catch hold of."

AN Indian idol was plowed up recently in Woodbury and they don't know whether it is a god or a devil. If he has a handle on and holds about two gallons 'tis a Woodbury god.

A SEASIDE belle left her bathing shoes hanging out of her hotel window the other day and the next day the local paper announced that such a hotel had put up new awnings of a unique design.

PROF. BELL claims that he has succeeded in inventing a machine that will locate a bullet in the human body. He needn't think that's anything new. Almost every man in Denver totes such an instrument.

THE Cleveland preacher took for his text: "He giveth his beloved sleep." And then he said, as he glanced around, that the way his congregation had worked itself into the affections of the Lord was amazing.

A DASHING young cow-boy named Gus

Got involved in a serious muss

With a party named Berringer,

And, drawing his Derringer,

He tapped him for laudable pus.

GEORGE WASHINGTON's hatchet has been found in the field where he threw it after chopping the cherry-tree, and where it has been lying ever since. We thought it would turn out that one of the parties in that affair could lie.

"BALL, this evening, dear!" inquired Desdemona of Othello when she saw him loading up his old navy revolver. "No, not this evening, love; some other evening," he replied, as he reached for the pillow and wedged it down her throat.—(Shakespeare.)

THESE opening lines of a *Courier Journal* epic give a charming picture of summer life in Louisville: "Twas 2 in the morning, and the shirt-tail brigade, perspiring and worn with the fight they had made against heat and mosquitoes, for rest lay and prayed."

A LEADVILLE man in one week was attacked and scratched by a catamount, hurt by an explosion, had a boulder roll down on him and stave in two ribs, and was kicked by a mule. And a local editor remarked that he had "been somewhat annoyed by circumstances lately."

PROF. STONE of Cincinnati says the comet has convulsed. And no wonder. If the professor could have witnessed the sights enjoyed by the comet—could have seen the osculatory actions of the young couples who sat up until two o'clock under the pretense of looking at the celestial tramp, he would have been convulsed, too.

A PRAIRIE City girl went into a drug store to buy some taffy-tolu chewing gum. The clerk, who wanted to be sociable, remarked to her, "It's a pretty warm day." "You betcher life!" she exclaimed. "I heered that it was two hundred degrees below zero." Prairie City ought to be a good place for the festive summer boarder.

A CONNECTICUT man lost papers, representing \$8,000 while at a picnic. That night he dreamt three or four times where the papers were and next morning went to the spot and recovered them. He is now trying to discover the whereabouts of ten dollars he loaned a man two years ago, but up to the hour of going to press he had not succeeded.

A WASP found in the Yosemite Valley measured six inches from tip to tip of wings, and carried in its grip-sack a javelin three inches long. If that overgrown wasp were to come East and see how fluently a wasp only an inch long can ascend the trousers leg of a small boy and make him dance the raguet, it would regret that it wasn't born a dwarf.

MOTHER of aesthetic young lady at Long Branch—"Julia, you haven't been in bathing yet?" Julia—"No, mamma." Mother—"What is the reason?" Julia—"I don't like to tell, mamma." Mother—"Stuff! let me know at once." Julia (blushing)—"Because Mr. De Lacey's dog comes down to look at me every time I go to the bath-house and I know Mr. De Lacey sends him."

"DON'T you think we ought to separate our husbands?" said a lady to her friend. "Do you not see how excited they have become? They are beginning to call each other 'ox' and 'cow' and all sorts of disagreeable things." "Oh! no," was the calm reply. "Let them go on; they have known each other for more than twenty years, and ought to know what they are talking about."

ASBURY Park news: Deacon Stiles—"I have a request to make of you, Brother Potts." Brother Potts—"Happy to oblige you, if I can." Deacon Stiles—"You kissed Mrs. S. behind an elder bush at our last Sunday school picnic?" Brother Potts—"Yes." Deacon Stiles—"Well, don't do it again, please, as it might breed a coolness between the two families. My mother-in-law objects."

A TUB race at Atlantic City the other day drew a crowd of 5,000 persons. The people didn't care so much about the race, but the sight of a wash-tub was quite a revelation to most of them. Several of the young ladies were quite enthusiastic in their expressions of delight, one of them remarking that the wash-tub-rugged, unassuming beauty was quite too overpowering for idle words.

GREAT CRIMES AND CRIMINALS OF AMERICA.

BY ALFRED TRUMBLE.

CHAPTER XVIII. THE KELSEY BUTCHERY.

Charles G. Kelsey was 37 years of age, and 5 feet 7 inches high. His figure was slender, his eyes bluish gray, and his light hair was long. In manner he was quiet and genteel, and he used neither profane nor low language in conversation. He had traveled in Europe, was well educated, and had property worth several thousand dollars.

He wrote rhymes, and two of his productions were published. The following from a poem entitled the "Vale of Huntoria," gives an idea of his ability in verse making:

Beautiful vale, carved by the hand of God!
Thou art adorned by many a flower,
Forming bright mosaic upon thy sod.
Thou art guarded by hills which o'er thee tower,
Whose battlements of wood and haze embower.
With purple walls a seeming paradise,
Where smirking mirth might claim each passing hour,
And joy, like the fair sunlight, o'er the heart arise,
Weaving fairy dreams as each fond moment flies.

This piece consists of sixty-three stanzas, and was intended to describe the village of Huntoria, which lies in a valley surrounded by hills in the form of a horseshoe and faces the Sound on the north. Another of his compositions was dictated "to all of the surviving friends of those who slumber upon the Old Burying Hill." It has a peculiar interest from the fact that a mutilated half of Kelsey's body lies in that burying ground. These two stanzas are a fair specimen:

With low-branched trees o'ergrown and waving grass,
The rising hill, the city of the dead,
O'erlooks the vale and the road where thousands pass:
There, crowned with shrub and tree, it lifts its head,
On whose green sloping sides are thickly spread,
Mossy memorials, brown-stone, or slate,
Upright or fallen, broken o'er the sleeper's bed;
Or marble, dingy or pure, of newer date,
And seeking Affection's dead to commemorate.

Here beneath our feet, dreamless silent, still,
Repose forms once active, now returning
To dust—the law of nature to fulfill.
And living, lit with the spirit's burning,
Now changed, dissolved, and without life's yearning,
The dead of other days have surrendered here—

All the earth claims, while the spirit spurning
The dross, has gone forth into cheer,
Amid darkness or light, to finish its career.

Kelsey's accomplishments caused him to be looked upon with jealousy by less intellectual neighbors. About seven years before his murder he became enamored of Julia Smith, a beautiful young woman of the village, and was for some time received with courtesy, if not with encouragement. Miss Smith, after a time, regarded him with disfavor, and, her friends assert, he sent her grossly insulting letters.

About a year before Kelsey's death she became engaged to Royal Sammis, of Huntington, and when this fact became known to Kelsey, it only added to the violence of his passion for her.

Several months before his disappearance, Mrs. Oakley, grandmother of Miss Smith, consulted with the District Attorney as to the propriety of having Kelsey arrested and punished for annoying her granddaughter, but Miss Smith, on learning that she would have to appear in open court and testify to the nature of the epistles received by her, begged that further steps should not be taken. Kelsey's friends, on the other hand, while not questioning that insulting letters were sent to Miss Smith, deny that Kelsey was the author of them, or that he acted in any other than a gentlemanly manner toward her.

For about a year before the tragedy, guns had been fired in the neighborhood of Kelsey's house, apparently by men who were lying in ambush, and either trying to frighten him or waiting for an opportunity to attack him.

On the evening of Nov. 4, 1872, Kelsey attended a Democratic meeting in the village.

He was walking along the main street of Huntington toward his home, when he was suddenly seized by masked men, who hurried him into Platt street, a small thoroughfare about a block from the main avenue, and halted in front of the Widow Oakley's house. In the struggle Kelsey unmasked two of his assailants, exclaiming as their faces were exposed to his view, "I know you; you will repent this!"

In the open lot the party were re-enforced by other masked men, and they proceeded to carry out the cruel work which had called them together.

The spot was dark and lonely, the night was bitter cold, and a chilling wind whistled through the trees.

Kelsey resisted desperately, but his vain struggles only maddened his captors. He was stripped to his skin, and while he stood shivering in the cold, one of his tormentors cut off his hair, gasping his head in the operation. The unfortunate man was then covered from head to foot with tar and feathers. When this had been done, several men and women, including Miss Smith, were called upon to look at the shivering victim.

While the inspection was in progress, Kelsey threw a hook at one of the men who was holding up a lantern in order that the women might enjoy the sight. The show was over about 10 o'clock, and Kelsey was permitted to go.

Kelsey was never again seen alive by his friends.

It is supposed that he went directly to his room, took off his outer shirt and his watch, and went down stairs with a pail to get water with which to wash himself. How the attack was renewed, and his murder effected, is not known to the world; but the next morning evidence of a desperate struggle was found near the house, and the tracks of a wagon in the grass leading to Lloyd's beach.

The same day a shirt with blood on it, two lemons wrapped in tissue paper, also stained with blood, a boot and a neck tie were found upon the beach. All these articles were identified as belonging to Kelsey.

Henry F. Kelsey made an affidavit naming a number of people who were witnesses of the outrage committed on Charles G. Kelsey, and Justice Montforth instituted an examination.

The Justice met strong opposition from the first. Dr. Banks, one of the spectators, was an influential member of the First Presbyterian Church of Huntington. Julia Smith, another, was a member of the same church, and District Attorney Tuthill was a Presbyterian and an intimate friend of Banks and others of the tar party.

The Justice showed determination, however, and enforced the process of his court in defiance of quibbling lawyers and social power.

George S. McKay, one of the lawyers, was ejected from the court room by order of the Justice, and he procured an order of arrest from Judge Leonard of New York against Justice Montforth. A majority of the citizens heartily approved the Justice's course, and scores of them volunteered to go on his bond. Two, Lemuel Carl and Hiram V. Balle, were accepted, and the Justice was promptly liberated.

Dr. Banks was arrested and fined \$25 for contempt of court. Mrs. Oakley and the two Misses Smith quit the village temporarily. Julia had remarked to a friend: "I am very sorry now that I went out to see him, but grandma (Mrs. Oakley) made me go. It was a horrible sight."

The result of the investigation was that Dr. Banks, Royal Sammis, and others, were held for riot and assault, and Banks and Sammis were indicted.

This case rested until Aug. 29, 1873. About noon on that day John A. Franklin and William Ludlam, oystermen, while dredging in Cold Spring harbor, between Moses Point and Plum Point, saw a black object floating. As it came near them Ludlam said: "That's a body, John!" "Oh, no," answered Franklin, "it's only a pair of pants."

On looking more closely Franklin saw that it was human remains, and he exclaimed, "It's a body with nothing but the hip bones left."

They rowed to it and Ludlam hitched a string to the waistband of the pantaloons, and towed the remains to the shore. Franklin rowed to Moses Point to summon the coroner.

The coroner took a chain from the pocket of the pantaloons, and picked several pieces of tar, to which feathers adhered, from the flesh. The fishermen gave as a reason for their belief that the part of the body had not been floating long, the fact that about fifty or seventy-five sea-spiders were crawling over it when found, and those were creatures that never live long on the surface—indeed, they never come up to the surface unless brought up by a dredge or carried up by a body that has risen from the bottom of the sea.

Before the remains reached the shore the spiders had disappeared, thus verifying the fishermen's assertion.

William S. and Henry F. Kelsey, brothers of Charles, and Mrs. Sarah Willets, a sister, identified the body by the watch chain, the pantaloons, and the tar and the feathers. William said: "That is the chain worn by my brother Charles. It has a peculiar cross-bar and hook, and has been in our family for many years and is familiar to us all. The chain was broken, and I have often seen him tie the broken links together with a piece of cotton."

A horrible outrage had been committed on Kelsey before he was thrown into the water. This fact was proven by the evidence of the physicians at the inquest.

Peter Fagin, who lives at Point Lat, near Lloyd's Neck, testified:

"My house is sixty or seventy rods from the road along Lloyd's beach. I was up between

three and four o'clock that morning. I was going for water. Before I got to the spring I heard a rattling noise combined with the voice of a man in distress. The noise sounded like trampling on loose boards. The voice was that of a man in agony.

"Then the voice and the rattling ceased for about a minute or so. I thought, in the first place, that the noise was from a vessel getting up sail. Possibly, I thought, some one of the crew had hurt himself. The second time I heard the voice it was low and weak, and the rattling noise was kept up. The rattling noise may have come from a wagon. I heard no other sound except the watery splash of the waves upon the shore. It was still morning, but dark. There was hardly a breath of air. I thought it was a struggle, or else that some one had been caught in a block or in a tackle. I was standing near my house when I heard this noise. From where I stood it was sixty or seventy rods west to the Lloyd's beach road. The noise seemed to come from the water's edge. I am sure I heard a human voice. I have never heard such a shriek before, nor since. The splashing noise ceased soon after the stamping of the feet and the shrieks of agony. I heard it from the time I heard the first noise, and until everything was quiet. I saw no vessel near the point whence I heard the noise. I asked about it next morning, but could hear of no vessel being there."

Other witnesses testified to the same effect. The taring and feathering of Kelsey was described by several reluctant witnesses.

Frederick Titus, a negro boy of dull intellect in the employ of the Sammis, told how he saw Royal Sammis, on the day before the tragedy, preparing a cudgel, which he said was for Kelsey, and how Sammis lay in wait for Kelsey twice before the real tragedy eventuated.

Charlotte J. Kelsey, sister of the murdered man, told a pitiful story of how she found her brother's watch and cuffs in his room, his worsted jacket with tar and feathers on it. On that night (Tuesday) following the tragedy she went to Royal Sammis' house, but the family were loth to open the door, were talking and whispering among themselves and seemed afraid. She told Royal he ought to be hanged. She had never expected to hear from Charlie since the bloody shirt was found. "We knew he was dead," Mrs. Royal Sammis, formerly Miss Julia Smith, the handsome brunette for whom Kelsey conceived such an infatuation, spoke of him merely as a "queer-looking object" that she had seen in the yard. Mrs. Sammis was able to recollect very little.

The jury, on Oct. 26, rendered a verdict declaring that the remains found were those of Charles G. Kelsey, and that he came to his death by reason of brutal treatment received at the hands of certain persons, to the jury unknown, on the night of Nov. 4, 1872; and the jury also found that Royal Sammis, George B. Banks, Arthur T. Hurd, William J. Wood, John McKay and Henry R. Prime, aided and abetted and countenanced by their presence the commission of the gross outrage and inhuman violence upon the person of Kelsey, and that Arthur M. Prime, Claudius B. Prime, S. H. Burgess, Rudolph Sammis, and James McKay, were accessories before the fact. The persons implicated by the verdict were arrested and held to bail. Gov. Dix offered a reward of \$3,000 for information leading to the detection of the murderers.

District Attorney Tuthill showed no anxiety to press the case, and it was not until nearly three years after the indictment that Royal Sammis and Banks for riot and assault were brought face to face with a jury. The jury, after several hours' deliberation, returned a verdict of "Not guilty." Thus ended the only attempt to bring any of the persons who aided in or countenanced the attack on Kelsey to justice.

The murder of Charles G. Kelsey was one of the most dastardly crimes ever committed. The fact that the law permitted it to go unavenged is one of those outrages on justice possible only in this country. Anywhere else, such as the Sammis gang as escaped the gallows would be breaking stones in a jail yard to-day. But we do these things better in America—for the criminals.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The legal fight for life in the courts, of Jesse Billings, accused of the murder of his wife, will be recounted in our next.

HORSE-THIEVES are about as numerous in Dallas county, Tex., as they were a decade ago, and the farmers have formed a secret company of vigilantes for a protection they allege the common law is powerless to afford. Immediate punishment will be meted out to such of the luckless dare-devils as may fall into these justly enraged persons' hands, and it will not be at all surprising if the timber in those parts should be decorated with dark nights with a half-dozen or so bodies of men rated in all new countries as "meaner than murderers." It is surmised by the longest-headed in well-formed circles here that a great many of these depredations are committed by old hands at the business, who are fond of visiting Texas during the intervals of their necessary absence from northern states. May not the Williams brothers, of Wisconsin, be passing that way shortly? They would find freedom, food, and fun on the outskirts of civilization, which has been playfully said to be "at the rope's end" in Texas.

FROLIC SOME FRALICH.

A Social Sensation in Grand Rapids, Mich.

—A Pretty Young Copyist Swears to a Story of Wrong at the Hands of a Wealthy and Pious Grandfather of That Town.

Social and business circles have been in a ferment for some time over a local scandal which has made its appearance in the circuit court of Grand Rapids, Mich. The man in the case is wealthy and influential, and the woman poor and self-dependent. As a consequence, but little has been said about it in the local papers. Publicity has been given to a charge in connection with it that it is a blackmailing scheme, but none of the papers have dared publish the allegations as they appear on record.

Your correspondent has seen the papers, and presents herewith an abstract of the statements contained in the affidavit on which proceedings were begun, merely premising that the defendant is a married man, 65 years of age, prominent in church and society, and one of the wealthiest of Grand Rapids' citizens, and the girl a pretty copyist, formerly employed in his office.

The affidavit sets forth that Mary Ryan was left an orphan at the age of twenty months by the death of her father, who also left behind him a widow and two other female children, one 3½ years and the other 8 months old; that the shock broke her mother's health so that she has remained an invalid ever since; that inside of three years the youngest child died; that by her utmost endeavors and the assistance of relatives and friends she was enabled to give her other two daughters a common school education; that when they grew to an age which enabled them to assist in earning a living the principal burden fell upon the affiant, because her sister was wasting away with consumption, of which she died in August, 1877. At the age of 15 years, she says, she began teaching school, and from that time forward she secured a living for herself and mother by teaching in the public schools or by doing copying for lawyers and others. The struggle was for the bare necessities of life, as her mother was growing constantly worse and required medical attendance and medicine. Having been out of employment for some time and in great straits, as she avers, she was introduced to Henry Fralich, the defendant in the case, who—to put aside the phraseology of the law—gave her a lot of "taffy" about his interest in her, having frequently seen her at church fairs and festivals, laboring for the good of the fold to which she belonged.

Encouraged by the warmth of his interest, she says she told him of the position in which she found herself and her pressing need for employment; that he promised to find work for her; that she called at his office two or three days afterward, when he informed her that he could get no work for her; that the interview ended with a loan of \$20, for which she gave him her note at three months; that time went on without employment being procured for her; that he loaned her other small sums from time to time and finally employed her in his own office at fair wages. The affidavit proceeds to say that immediately after her employment Fralich began to take liberties with her, representing that there was no harm in it and promising to make her his wife if she would submit to his wishes; that she feared to give vent to her resentment lest he should discharge her and again consign herself, her mother and her sister to penury; that she resisted his advances for several weeks in spite of his protestations of love, his statement that he was worth over \$60,000, which would all be hers if she bent to his will and that her mother and sister would then be amply provided for, threatening at the same time that if she remained obstinate he would no longer employ or assist her.

This course, she swears, finally culminated in her submission in the latter part of July, 1875, beginning an illicit intimacy which was continued for eighteen months, during all of which time she was employed in Fralich's office, and in receipt of repeated promises of marriage and of buggy rides with Fralich, in which he would point out his possessions, telling her they would soon be hers. She asserts that, several months after her seduction had been accomplished, she discovered that Fralich already had a wife, a fact which she did not know before; that Fralich quieted her by telling her that his wife was incurably ill and could live but a short time, and that, after her death he would "right" the affiant; that about Jan. 1, 1877, he discharged her, saying that his family had discovered the intimacy, and sent her to Chicago to earn her living, with but \$7 in her pocket.

The affidavit is made in behalf of her mother, Norah Ryan, who is authorized to bring suit to recover damages for seduction.

On the strength of this document Fralich was arrested and held in \$10,000 bail.

JOHN FINN and Thomas Bridgford were drinking together in a saloon at Frankfort, Ky., when Finn exhibited a pistol. You would not hurt anyone with that," said Bridgford. "I'll show you," said Finn and he fired a bullet into Bridgford, inflicting a mortal wound.

Fred. Krohne, Heel-and-Toe Pedestrian.

In this week's issue we publish a picture of Fred. Krohne, the noted heel-and-toe long-distance walker.

Krohne was born in Hanover in 1840. He stands 6ft. 1in. in height and in condition he weighs 168 pounds.

He made his debut as a professional pedestrian at the time of the race for the six-day championship of the United States, arranged by Messrs. Samuels, McCoy & O'Rourke, which occurred in April, 1879, at Madison Square Garden. Krohne came in third, being beaten by P. J. Panchot, of Buffalo, and S. Merritt, of Bridgeport. He covered 455m.

He then entered for the heel-and-toe fair walking championship belt at Madison Square Garden on May 5, and was beaten by George Guyon, of Chicago, who won first prize. Krohne came in second, beating Faber, O'Brien and others, covering 451 miles in 140h. 51m. 26s.

He entered in the Astley belt contest and scored 450m., which race took place in Sept., 1879, at Madison Square Garden. Krohne was beaten by Rowell, Merritt, Hazael, Guyon, Hart, Ennis and Weston.

Krohne after entered into a 75-hour, 12 hours a day, race at Newark, N. J. He covered 125 miles. Last December he entered into a race for the D. E. Rose championship diamond belt of the world. He started against 65 pedestrians and made a good record, coming in second, covering 535½m. He only ran about 5 miles, walking "the balance of" distance, and his backers were so silent that he can do better.

In the second race the O'Leary belt which Frank Hart won, Krohne came in sixth, covering 516m. In the 6-day race, men against horses, at Chicago, which Byrnes, of Elmira, won, Krohne won second money, covering 516m. In the International O'Leary belt race, which was won by John Hughes, the



A CASE OF SLOW TORTURE.

HOW SOME VASSAR GIRLS TAUGHT A CRUSTY OLD LAND OWNER A LESSON IN GOOD HUMOR.

stakes are not large enough. If any of the above pedestrians mean business they will agree to walk for \$2,500, but if they refuse and talk big money I will arrange a match with either of them or with any man in the world for from \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side. I mean business and my money proves so. Let Harriman, the champion, and O'Leary make good by covering my money now at the POLICE GAZETTE office and meet me to arrange a match.

"Yours,
"FRED KROHNE."

A "Crank" Conquered.

A cranky old landowner in one of the villages along the Hudson got a lesson in the doctrine of women's rights that he will not be likely to forget for some time. A party of young ladies selected a grove belonging to him on the bank of the river

for a private picnic. When about to make a landing the old man appeared and ordered them off. But they did not propose to have their fun spoiled in that way. They all got out and seizing him tied him securely, along with his dog, to a tree and then went on with their picnic as coolly as if nothing had happened. In answer to his ravings and threats they toasted him with wine and otherwise tantalized him almost to the verge of insane madness. Finally he promised that he would not interfere and he was released.

A Profitable Slap.

The people of Ohio have all been interested for some time in a fund being raised for Captain C. A. Cook, an old soldier who slapped the mouth of one George Morrison, who said he hoped our wounded President would die. Capt. Cook was fined \$10 and costs, \$22. The subscribers are numerous and feel proud of the privilege of paying one cent each, the



DAISY ROBINSON,

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., BECAUSE SHE COULD NOT CAPTURE HER FORTIETH "AFFINITY."

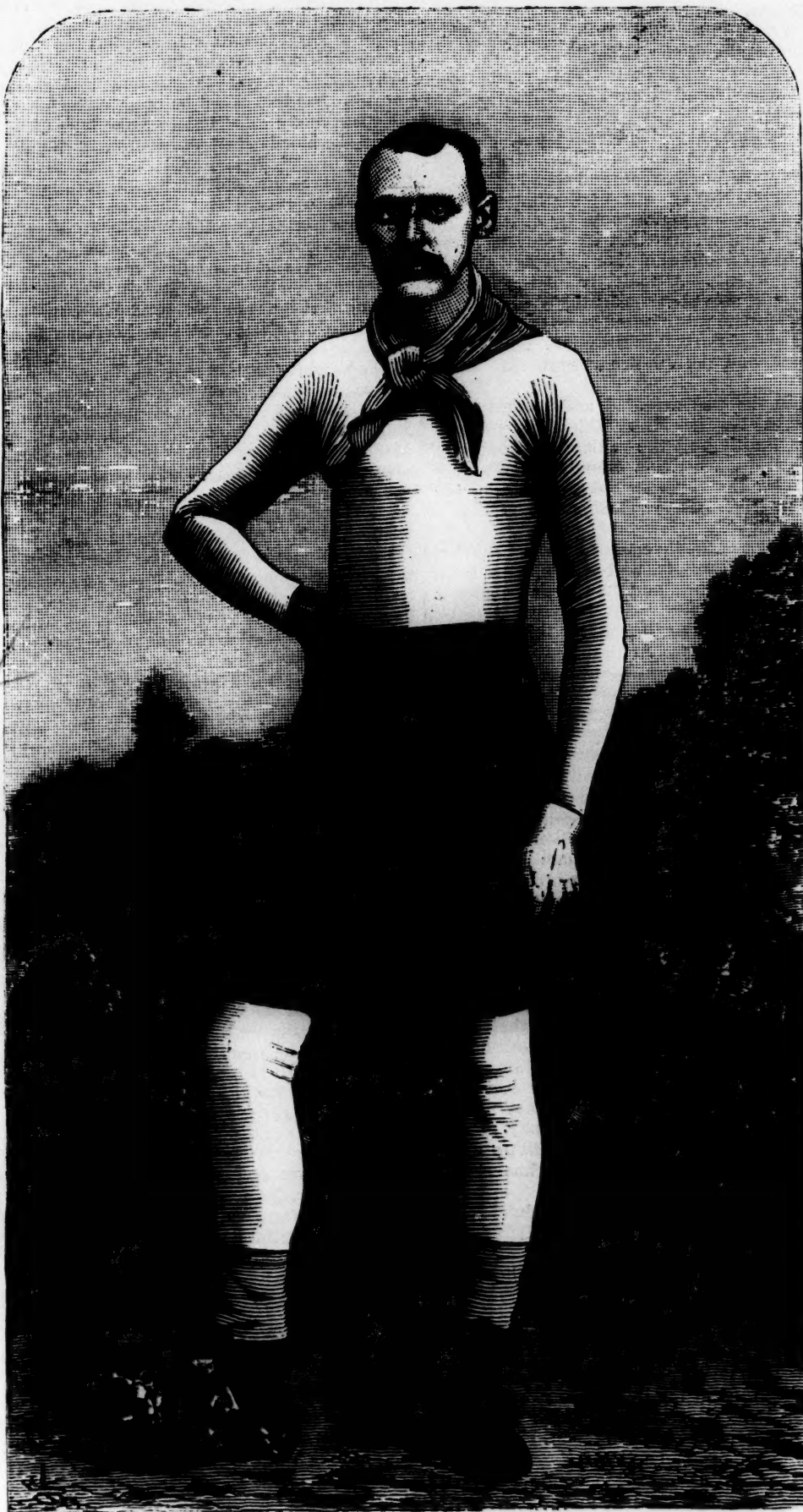
POLICE GAZETTE's champion, Krohne covered 533 miles.

Krohne's last race was in the O'Leary six-day walking match at Chicago, when he came in third, being beaten by Chas. A. Harriman and Tracey, but he walked 520½m.

Krohne has posted \$100 forfeit at this office and issued the following challenge:

"NEW YORK, AUG. 15, 1881.

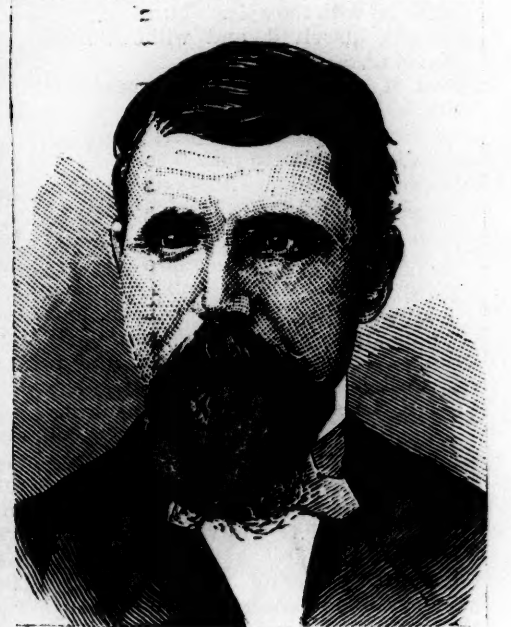
"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: "SIR: Having recently issued a challenge in the POLICE GAZETTE to walk any man in the world heel-and-toe, six days, for \$2,500 a side and the long-distance championship, and backed up the challenge with a forfeit of one hundred (\$100) dollars, which is now held by Richard K. Fox, it appears strange that neither Chas. A. Harriman, Dan O'Leary or Christian Faber accepts my terms. I understand that O'Leary, Harriman and Tracey claim that the



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

FRED KROHNE,

NOTED HEEL-AND-TOE PEDESTRIAN.



C. A. COOK,

FINED TEN DOLLARS FOR SLAPPING A MAN WHO SAID HE WISHED GARFIELD WOULD DIE; CINCINNATI, O.

limit of subscription, in testimony of their regard for the man who had the opportunity to express their sentiments and properly improved it. The fund is rapidly swelling, enough being raised to pay the fine several times over.

On the 3d of July Mary Ella Gilligan, of Prairie Creek, Minn., stepped on a sewing needle, striking it between the big toe and the next one to it, on the right foot. A piece of the needle, three-quarters of an inch long, entered her foot and worked through, coming out on the top of her foot on Tuesday evening, the 19th inst., making the journey through the foot in sixteen days. The only inconvenience she experienced was a slight swelling of the foot and an occasional prickly sensation. Medical authorities agree that it is the narrowest escape from lock-jaw on record.

Charles Stockley Hanged.

The execution of Charles Stockley, for the murder of John Welker, a respectable and well-to-do farmer, living a few miles from Batavia, took place on the 19th inst. The crime was committed on April 27. Welker was plowing in a field, when Stockley deliberately walked up and fired three shots at him, the last one with fatal effect. Stockley had been employed by Welker as a farm hand, and had sought through Welker the marriage of his 16-year-old daughter Lizzie, but was refused both by the girl and her parents, and the only motive of the crime was revenge. He was promptly arrested, and was convicted in July last.

The murderer's last night on earth was spent quietly. He was again visited by his mother and his brother John, and, not having been baptized, he went through that ceremony. Rev. H. L. Everett, Episcopalian, his spiritual adviser, performed that office.

At 11:30 P. M. Stockley retired and slept soundly, not being awakened until 5:10 next morning, and then desired another hour's sleep. He rolled over and slept for about that time. Then rousing himself, he remarked that he felt well, and ate a hearty breakfast, drink-



ARTHUR MERRITT, ALIAS THOS. A. MARVIN,
ARRESTED AT LYNN, MASS., ON CHARGES OF
BIGAMY, THEFT AND FORGERY.



CHARLES STOCKLEY,
HANGED AT BATAVIA, N. Y., FOR THE MURDER OF
JOHN WELKER.

ands he was pronounced dead, and in twenty-one minutes was lowered. The neck was dislocated, and at the previous request of the murderer, a post mortem examination was made. Only a limited number of spectators were present.

On the War-Path.

When the Rock Island train arrived at Rock Island the other day, a fine looking woman, apparently about 25 years of age, stepped from one of the coaches, wearing a heavy leather belt, from which securely hung a huge revolver on one side, and a bowie-knife on the other. Why the lady carried these instruments of death so conspicuously displayed was not learned, but as she paraded the platform at the depot she was the central figure of interest.

A Heroine Afloat.

A young lady distinguished herself near Asbury Park Grove one day last week. In company with a young man she went out in a yacht, which a short distance out encountered a severe gale. The man in rigging the sails



CLEAN LINEN IN COURT.

AN EXHIBITION WHICH AMUSED THE AUDIENCE AND PROFITED THE EXHIBITOR;
NEW YORK CITY.



WHY SITTING BULL SURRENDERED.

HOW AN AMERICAN GIRL UNDERTOOK TO SETTLE THE INDIAN PROBLEM, AND
CREATED A DECIDED SENSATION AT ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

ing two quarts of coffee. Soon after 8 o'clock his irons were removed by Deputy Sheriff James T. Fox and his assistants, and he put on a new suit of clothes, consisting of black cloth pantaloons and vest, an alpaca coat and leather slippers.

Stockley's spiritual adviser was with him to 8:45 A.M., and he remarked when the shackles were taken off that his feet felt better. On being encouraged to act bravely during the ordeal, he remarked:

"I am afraid I shall not be able to stand. I am not afraid to die, but I do not like to go in this way. I am afraid that you fellows that never were hung do not know anything about it, and that there is more suffering attached to it than what you say."

At 10:57 A.M. Stockley was brought to the scaffold, walking firmly. The usual prayer was offered for the condemned man. He was asked if he had anything to say, to which he replied "No." The black cap was then adjusted, and at 11:01 the trap fell. There was a slight muscular twitching of the nerves, and the hands came together as though to clasp, but soon relaxing fell motionless to his sides. After hanging nine minutes and five sec-



BEAUTY, PLUCK AND MUSCLE.

THE FORTUNATE COMBINATION WHICH SAVED A YOUNG MAN FROM BECOMING AN INMATE OF DAVY JONES' LOCKER.

fell overboard, and but for the young lady's pluck would have lost his life. Grabbing a hook, she fastened it in his clothing, and held on to him with one hand, while with the other she steered the yacht back to land.

The Spirit Moved Him.

The darkies had a big revival at Crawford, Ga., recently, and one of the mourners near the altar got pretty demonstrative. At this interval, Tom Pope, who was sitting at the rear end of the church, felt the spirit working on him, and springing up, three bounds carried him to the pulpit, where he lit astraddle of an old sister's back, and he rode the irate dame nearly around the room before he could be pulled off. The revival came near breaking out in a first-class row. Tom explained "dat he jes wanted to show dem unconverted niggers how to 'preciate religion."

THE men who managed the fireworks last Fourth of July at Myrtleville, Idaho, are now on trial for their official acts on that occasion. They soaked six shaggy dogs in camphene, set fire to them, and then let them loose.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The New Haven Tragedy.

Up to the time of going to press, the mystery of Jennie Cramer's death had not been solved. Blanche Douglass has made a partial confession which shows that the whole party, consisting of herself, Jennie Cramer and the two Malleys, were together again on Friday and Friday night—the last night of the unfortunate girl's life. The telegraphic announcement of the fact does not state where they were, but Blanche says that on Friday night she was called into the room occupied by James Malley and Jennie Cramer to quiet Jennie, who was screaming and pleading with Malley. This tends to confirm the theory that Jennie had either become sick from her prolonged debauch or was stricken with remorse or fear. At all events, the hysterical state in which Blanche found her was anything but gratifying to the rest of the party, who dreaded exposure of their wrong-doing more than anything else. There is evidence that Jennie had not been despondent on the day or evening preceding the night's attack. Joshua Barton, a car-driver on the Savin Beach road, who was well acquainted with Jennie, testified that she was on his car about 7 p. m. on Friday. His testimony is as follows: "She got on the car at Meadow street switch, New Haven. She rode to Beach street switch, Savin Rock, where she got off. She was not alone. Another young woman was with her whom I had not seen before, and whom I could not identify now, as I did not observe her particularly."

"How did you know it was Jennie?" "Why, I couldn't mistake her. I have seen her a great many times, and have bought cigars of her."

"Did she look dejected?" "Dejected! I should say not. She seemed jolly as a lark. She was sitting in the lap of the other girl, and having a good time of it."

"What were they talking about?" "About going in bathing and the 'flying horses.' Jennie said she would choose the bathing, and the other one said she would take the horses."

"Did you hear Jennie say anything about going home?"

"Oh, yes. She said she was going home that night because she thought her father would want her in the store until 10 o'clock the next night, Saturday. She said she would creep in in her stocking feet so that no one would hear her."

Joseph Marvin deposed that he knew Jennie Cramer and that she was at the "flying horses" about eight o'clock the same evening, in company with a gentleman whose name witness would not divulge until he appeared before a jury. He further said:

"The two were here about five minutes. They then left and joined a party consisting of one man and two women who were in the swings just beyond."

In reply to a question as to whether Jennie looked like one who had any thought of suicide witness said:

"Not at all. She seemed to be enjoying herself very much. She was quiet, but seemed perfectly happy."

Between this time and the early hour next morning when the body of the girl was found, the dreadful event, whatever was its character, occurred. It was of such a nature that the Malleys have a deep interest in concealing it. It is still barely possible that, after expostulating in vain with James Malley to save her from exposure and ruin, by flight or otherwise, she rushed to the beach and drowned herself in a fit of desperation, but the authorities still cling to the theory that some soporific drug, or perhaps brandy, was administered to quiet her and that it resulted in her death. It is against the probability of this theory that the body when found was neatly and fully attired, even her hat being found with her. On the other hand, against the probability of her having drowned herself is the testimony of those who found the body, with regard to the condition of the clothing. Charles Smith, the old sea captain who keeps the boats, said to a reporter:

"I was just coming in with my boat on Saturday morning about 5:30 when I saw men on the beach collected around a body. I saw the body shortly afterward. Jennie had on a light gauze dress that tore when he lifted the body. It was so delicate. That dress was in perfect condition, the hands were folded over the body, the hat was upon the head in a natural position, and even the light thin mits on the hands were uninjured. Now bear it in mind that there was a heavy surf at the time and a stiff wind was blowing. Such a surf would have torn that dress badly if the body had been washed from Kelsey's wharf. I have taken a great many bodies from the water in my day, and I never saw clothing in so perfect a condition on any drowned person. A person cannot drown without a struggle, even if he drowns himself. And then think of that surf driving a body over the sand and leaving it in that condition! No, sir, that body was put there by some one."

Orange Howes, the proprietor of the restaurant adjacent to the spot, said:

"I was the second person on the spot. Asa Curtis came running to me and said that he had found a person drowning. I hastened there and found the body on the sand. Curtis

had drawn it out of about a foot and a half of water. The clothing was not in the least disarranged. The body could not have been washed there; it must have been placed there. No one in New Haven believes in the suicide theory."

"Did you notice any odor of drugs about the body?"

"No; I bent over it as close as any one and certainly would have noticed it. From its appearance I do not think the body had been in the water more than three hours. There was not the least rigidity about the limbs."

The time is therefore narrowed down to such a compass as to leave no other conclusion than that death must have been very sudden. It is not known at what hour Blanche Douglass was called into the room occupied by the other couple, but it must have been between that time, which certainly was not early, and two o'clock in the morning that the fatality occurred. Up to midnight, when Blanche was still in consultation with the jury, she had divulged nothing further than has been stated. The Malleys are held on the charge of murder, the only one on which they could be confined. James manifests marked trepidation and despondency, but his cousin is bold and defiant, threatening vengeance on his persecutors.

In this connection it will be interesting to note the social status of Jennie Cramer, which has been somewhat misrepresented, and which is accurately described as follows in a letter to the New York Times:

"Jennie Cramer has been frequently mentioned as the 'belle of New Haven.' The women of this city, while deploring her sad fate, and heaping maledictions upon the heads of the young Malleys, protest that Miss Cramer was not the belle of the first or even the second grade of society here and they class her with the third-rate people. The first grade comprises the Yale College or 'culchawed' ones, according to a wide-awake man of this city; the second class is the swell business element and the third class the society of mechanics. Among this latter class, it is insisted, Miss Cramer was the belle. She was frequently in attendance at the hops in Germania Hall in this city, a famous place of resort for working-men and their families. Her father, Jacob Cramer, keeps a cigar store."

Whether or not the authorities succeed in establishing the charge of murder against the Malleys, they are not less responsible morally for her ruin and death in whatever manner she may have met her fate.

Guiteau Flourishing a Knife.

Guiteau, the assassin, has been uneasily questioning the jail officers for a week about the President's condition and resented their refusal to answer any questions. One of the guards, W. C. McGill, was on duty in Guiteau's corridor on the night of the 15th inst. McGill's son says that his father had incurred Guiteau's enmity a week ago by ridiculing him. When McGill looked into Guiteau's cell at 4½ that morning he saw Guiteau lying on the bed leaning on his left elbow and staring intently at the upper bars of the window close by him. McGill says that something peculiar in the attitude or actions of the prisoner struck him.

"What are you doing there?" he demanded.

Guiteau made no reply. McGill unlocked the cell door and went in. By the dim light from the lamp in the corridor he saw a knife in Guiteau's hand.

"What are you doing with that knife?" he repeated.

"So help me God, I have no knife," Guiteau, he says, answered.

"Drop that knife," the keeper commanded, approaching him.

Guiteau sprang up and advancing made a sweeping downward stroke with the knife, cutting into the lapel of McGill's coat and barely missing his face. Then he sprang back and the keeper drew his pistol. He says he did not cock it but presented it at Guiteau's head and commanded him to give up the knife. Guiteau, he says, sprang at him and seized his arms and they struggled for the possession of the pistol. They fell over upon the bed and McGill dropped the pistol. Guiteau loosed his hold to snatch it, but McGill recovered it and cocked it. Guiteau seized his arms again and the tussle recommenced again, with the difference that the pistol was liable to explode at any moment. McGill finally wrenched his right arm free and tried to level the weapon at him, but Guiteau exclaiming, "Don't shoot me! give me my pistol," struck up his arm and the weapon was ruthlessly discharged at the ceiling.

Guards Dutton and Jones heard the report and hurried to the cell. Guiteau let McGill go and sat down on the bed, crying. "They are trying to kill me; give me the pistol, it belongs to me." He attempted to conceal under his foot the knife he had dropped. He was secured and locked up in another cell. His own cell was carefully searched without success for more concealed weapons.

The knife is what is known to convicts as a "cheeser." It is made from the steel shank of a shoe ground sharp on both edges and to a point. The blade thus formed is about three inches long. By wrapping paper about the other end and binding it tightly with twine a stout handle is made and a very good knife and very ugly weapon is produced. It is supposed that Guiteau found the knife in the mattress of his bed, for the guards say that

the other prisoners despise him too much to have passed it to him. His shoes were examined and it was found that he had not removed the shank from either of them. They were taken away and contract brogans will be given to him in their stead.

There is no means of knowing just what Guiteau's motive was for attacking the guard. He pretends to believe that the guard's pistol was his; that he had been wrongfully deprived of it and that there was a plot to kill him in the jail.

A Mountain Heroine.

Jack Barnstable, one of the most noted moonshiners in the North Carolina mountains, has found the end of his lawless career at last. After months of diligent pursuit the United States Internal Revenue detectives ran him down in the French Broad district three weeks ago, and badly wounded him. But he continued to give them the slip in one of the passes of the mountains and for a couple of days remained undiscovered.

Then a farmer near Eagle Head, reported that Jennie Smith, a young woman with whom the moonshiner had been living for some years, had appeared at the cross roads in search of provisions. The marshals got upon her trail and tracked her, with the help of a couple of blood-hounds, up into a lonely ravine in the mountains where they found a tumble down little cabin almost buried in dense verdure.

Surrounding the house they burst the door in, and summoned the inmates to surrender. Barnstable was extended on a rude bed on the ground, incapable of rising. The hounds pounced upon him baying savagely, but his mistress, defending him with a knife, cut both their throats, though not before they had succeeded in horribly mangling her. The wounded man managed to shoot one of his hunters dead before he was overpowered, and the woman, fighting like a tigress, left ugly gashes on more than one manly anatomy ere the savage knife was wrested from her determined hand.

Barnstable died during his removal down the mountain, and the woman who had done her best to defend him gave her captors the slip soon afterwards, it is hinted not without their connivance. The dead moonshiner, who was a popular favorite, was buried with considerable ceremony by his friends, Jennie Smith acting as chief mourner.

Since that time she has not been heard from but wherever she is or will be, she will be remembered among the North Carolina mountains as a heroine well worth a place in the romantic history of that wild region and the pictorial prominence we give her in our graphic history of the times.

A Wedding Banquet Kicked Into Chaos.

The guests at a wedding banquet given in New York last week were informed of their hostess' opinion of total prohibition in a manner as startling as it was emphatic. The groom was an ardent disciple of Neal Dow, while the bride firmly believed in a "little wine for the stomach's sake." On the wedding tour the question of wine versus water was warmly discussed, the newly-made wife insisting that she would have wine at her wedding banquet, while the groom stubbornly declared that nothing stronger than church lemonade should be served to the guests. On their return the bride quietly gave orders for wine to be served, but her liege lord discovered the fact and countermanded the order, sternly declaring that the servant who dared disobey him should be instantly dismissed. When the guests were seated at the table there were wine glasses but no wine. The wife asked for wine and was informed by the waiter there was none. She turned to her "dearly beloved" for an explanation and he blandly informed her that he did not approve of strong waters. For an instant she paled with suppressed anger and then like a wild cat she leaped on her chair and from there to the centre of the table, where she kicked right and left, sending the dishes, fruits, etc., in every direction. Her husband has commenced a suit for divorce on the ground of incompatibility of temperament.

Forced to Drink.

The temperance war in Kansas is productive of much hard feeling, the advocates of total abstinence frequently rendering themselves obnoxious by their out-spoken opinions. One of these individuals is a member of a militia regiment at Topeka, and at a recent picnic given by the regiment he made himself particularly offensive by his stage-whisper comments on certain young ladies who indulged in a glass of beer. Determined to be revenged one of the young ladies pretended to be sorry and swung round to his side of the argument. He was delighted and thinking he had a convert proposed a short walk in the woods. Nothing loth the young lady accepted the invitation and in a short time they were seated under the trees. The gallant militiaman stretched himself at full length, while the lady seated herself beside him. In a few minutes the other young ladies came sauntering up and in a twinkling the militiaman found himself held down by the fair damsels. A keg of beer was brought and the spigot adjusted in a line with the temperance advocate's mouth. The girls then forced a funnel between his teeth and tapped the keg. The natural result was that the tem-

perence militiaman either had to drink the beer or choke, and wisely chose the former alternative. When he was at last released he could not have told a wooden nutmeg from a side of a house.

Practice in the Circus Ring.

The idea prevalent with the general public that the life of a circus star is a round of gorgeous tulle, tinsel and ring-master embellished splendor, would be sadly shocked if those who entertain it could get a glimpse of the real thing. It is really a life of hard work at pretty much all hours of the day. When the splendid Mlle. Jangamerino isn't speeding around the ring, lashing her spirited bare-backed horse to fury amid the plaudits of admiring thousands, she is mending her tights, stitching tinsel on her costume, anointing her bruises with balsam or practicing. The practice of the circus rider is like the rehearsal of the actor, only more so, for while the actor has only to rehearse until his first performance and then can go on playing a part without further trouble, the rider must put in an hour or two every day to keep her joints limber and her muscles in proper trim. But for this daily practice the performances of our circuses would be the theatre of many a tragedy instead of the scenes of mirth and gladness that they are.

It was upon one of these practice scenes that our artist looked lately, at W. C. Coup's famous show. The New York public will doubtless soon enjoy the fruits of the exercise the cavalier of the pencil found so charming that he carried away with him the memorandum we lay before our readers.

By the Lightning Rod Route.

When a young lady makes up her mind to go to a ball with her "feller" the old folks' objections and subterfuges to thwart her in her purpose only add zest to her determination to go. And she will take all risks and encounter all difficulties with a fearlessness positively hair-lifting. The adventure of a young lady at Kearney, Mo., is a case in point. She had been invited to a ball in a neighboring town, but her parents peremptorily refused her permission to go. She therefore informed her lover to be on hand under her bedroom window and she would join him via the lightning rod, which passed near it. He came and she descended, first throwing her clothing out of the window. Returning home in the small hours she returned to her room by the same route and the old folks were none the wiser.

Clean Linen in Court.

The district courts of New York witness many curious episodes from day to day. One recently was provided by a suit brought by a linen draper for the value of an extensive stock of linen furnished to a fashionable court-essan. The defense was that the linen was not of a sufficiently fine quality and samples of it were introduced in evidence. There had been a good deal of foul linen ventilated in that court, but this was the first instance in which that quantity of clean stock was put on show and court, lawyers and spectators received the exhibition with the emotion it was entitled to. The display proved a success for the draper, as well as an advertisement. She won her suit.

Boudoir Exercise.

We have more than once been called upon to chronicle the odd fancies and queer freaks of the votaries of fashion. In this addition to the list we depict the fantastic whim of a metropolitan belle, who is as famous for her idleness as her beauty. Being out of sorts lately her physician ordered her to take exercise, which was all her stagnant system needed. She complied with the command by having a swing put up in her boudoir and devours her favorite novels, washed down with her five o'clock tea, embracing the fond delusion that she is getting better fast.

Chinese Justice.

The Chinese of San Francisco have a system of law among themselves which they carry out with great effect on any of their countrymen caught in "crooked" doings. A thief is placed, stripped to the waist, on a saw horse, and the victim of his wickedness is allowed to lay on the lash until he feels that his wrongs are redressed. The consequence is that but few thefts from each other occur among the "heathens."

FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

[With Portrait.]

Miss May Gallagher is one of the most clever *soubrettes* now before the public. She has not only appeared before provincial audiences, but has won warm commendation in various metropolitan theatres. It is seldom that a more charming actress appears behind the footlights.

A PIN-MAKING ghost is the latest sensation in Baltimore. The sprinkling begins early in the night, so the rumor goes, and continues for several hours. The singular part of the affair is that the pins come from only one part of the ceiling of the front room and that is directly over the front door. Wednesday night between two hundred and three hundred persons were congregated in the vicinity.

LOVE WINS THE RACE.

How a Plucky Kentuckian Defied His Prospective Mother-in-Law.

Scottsville, a pretty village about fifteen miles from the Tennessee line, is the home of the most aristocratic people in Kentucky. It is a place noted for pretty young girls and gallant young men, and among all of these the sweetest belle was Miss Ollie Brown and the handsomest beau Mr. Joseph Carpenter. They loved each other unto desperation. In this case, as in many others, the only obstacle was parental objection. Miss Brown's mother positively declared that she was not old enough to get married, and her sweetheart's entreaties were in vain. The young people made one or two ineffectual attempts at elopement, but they were never once balked in their determination to carry out the scheme in the sweet by-and-by.

On Thursday last young Mr. Carpenter drove in a buggy to the residence of his sweetheart, and once more besought her mother to consent to an early wedding. Mrs. Brown was inexorable, Miss Brown was tearful and Mr. Carpenter excited. At last, when every prayer had been denied, the young man boldly put the question to his sweetheart:

"Will you go with me, or mind your mother and remain at home?" The girl looked up through her tears, first at her mother and then at her lover.

"I'll go with you," said she at length.

"Then come," and with these words young Carpenter caught his lady-love in his arms, and, hurrying out of the house, leaped into the buggy that was standing in front of the door. The horse received a smart blow with the whip and jumped away in a dead run. As soon as Mrs. Brown realized the situation she screamed for assistance at the top of her voice. In a few moments the little town was wild with excitement, but the volume of sympathy seemed to be with the young people, who had just whirled through the streets at a terrible rate of speed, taking the road that led to Gallatin, Tenn. The mother whose daughter had been stolen wildly besought somebody to go in pursuit of the fugitives and, if possible, stop the wedding. At length Mr. Manion, a young lawyer and Judge of the Police Court, consented.

In a few moments he was mounted upon a horse of speed and bottom, rattling out of the town in the direction taken by the buggy at a pace that would have captured the "gentleman's cup" at any fair in the State. From the very start it was a race of whip and spur. The fugitives were evidently making for Esquire Fike's office, which is just across the Tennessee line, and Judge Manion was hot upon their trail. It was a chase long to be remembered by the people who witnessed it. In front a horse, flecked with foam, going at top speed and drawing a light buggy, in which a gallant youth sat, with resolution upon his face and a beautiful girl nestled trustingly by his side. Perhaps a mile in the rear a solitary horseman, applying whip and spur, thundered along over the level turnpike. The buggy had the best of the race and pulled up in front of Esquire Fike's office, fifteen minutes in the lead of the man on horseback. The clever Squire was on the point of pronouncing the words so feverishly awaited by the young people, when Judge Manion, riding like a professional jockey, bore down upon the party and signalled the officer of the law to stop. "I object to this wedding," he said, flinging himself off his panting horse.

"Upon what grounds?" asked the astonished Squire.

"It's the wish of the lady's mother that she shall not marry. I have come here at her bidding."

The young people pleaded, but all to no purpose. At length Mr. Carpenter said, in very simple language:

"We will go further. Get in the buggy, my dear Judge Manion, you may prepare for another race. We are off for Gallatin."

The young man meant exactly what he said and in a few moments the race was renewed. The distance to Gallatin was 18 miles, but the buggy horse was staunch and as true as the love of the young couple he was drawing. He leaped nimbly away from the string and once more got the best of the start. Judge Manion, nothing daunted, again took the saddle and put spurs to his faithful courser. For 4 miles the race was neck-and-neck, neither entry for the grand prize flagging; out at the finish of that distance the horse under saddle cast a shoe and stumbled to the ground, completely exhausted. The buggy then glided unaccompanied to Gallatin. A preacher was secured and the wedding was performed at the principal hotel in the presence of a dozen specially invited guests.

TRYING TO CREMATE HER HUSBAND.

Mrs. Sarah L. Kirkwood, a sad-faced woman, 42 years of age, but looking much older, was brought before Justice Morgan, at the Jefferson Market Police Court, Sunday morning, for examination as to her sanity. The technical charge against the woman was arson. It appears that she is the wife of John B. Kirkwood, a conductor on the Sixth avenue railroad, and lives with her husband in apartments at No. 365 Sixth avenue. For several

weeks past she has been acting so strange as to attract the attention of the neighbors, who became convinced she was not sane. She made extravagant purchases of shoes and articles of clothing, and after paying for them threw them away in the street. She also purchased a blonde wig several days ago, and wore it over her own dark hair. Late Saturday night her husband returned home and found his wife up. She appeared nervous and restless, and after endeavoring, unsuccessfully, to induce her to retire for the night, Kirkwood went to bed. He soon dozed off, but was quickly awakened by a sense of suffocation. Springing out of bed, he found the apartments full of smoke, and discovered that the wife had gathered a pile of shavings under the bed and had set fire to them. Kirkwood extinguished the fire before any damage was done, and then called Patrolman Clinchy, of the Twenty-ninth Precinct, and had his wife locked up. Mrs. Kirkwood was unable to give a rational explanation of her actions, and Justice Morgan committed her to the Tombs to await an examination of her mental condition.

IT WOULD NOT DOWN.

The Disastrous Results of a Woman Attempting a Contortion Act.

There lives within the limits of the town of Euclid, Ohio, a middle-aged farmer named Henry Goodplover, who, although honest, is not addicted to the careful observation of the Biblical injunction to keep holy the Sabbath, which is indicative of a pious man. On Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Goodplover attended the circus, and the lady remarked with feelings of admiration and astonishment the contortions of the india-rubber man who placed his feet on the back of his own neck with manifest ease and grace. The circus ended, and the Euclid delegation returned to their home. Mrs. G. deeply thoughtful.

The next day, the farmer, who, as stated above, is not a member of any religious denomination, accompanied by his hired man, betook himself to the oat field to make up for lost time.

After the men had departed Mrs. Goodplover sat down on the floor to carry out a plan which she had been turning over in her mind. She is of a very emulative nature, and the more she thought of the india-rubber man, the more she became fixed in the belief that she could discount some of his efforts. The first feat attempted was putting her feet back of her neck. The right foot was adjusted with circumstantial ease. All attempts to get the other one up failed utterly and dismally. Finally concluding that the day was not a good one for playing circus, Mrs. G. tried to get her right foot down, but was unable to do so. Finally realizing her desperate condition, Mrs. Goodplover's efforts were little less than superhuman, but they were no good; the foot would not down, and at length the unfortunate woman gave over her fruitless exertions.

In the meantime the cheerful husband and hired man were breaking the Sabbath and making the oat field look sick. All the morning they toiled, and as the noon came on they looked anxiously expectantly toward the house, but no signs that dinner was ready were received. At last the shadows and yearning stomachs convinced the reapers that dinner time was long past. The farmer led the way to the house, and on entering the door his startled gaze fell on the form of the wife of his bosom coiled up on the floor like a section of hose, the fire out and the dishes unwashed. The horrified man at first thought it was an attack of green cucumbers, but on attempting to raise his helpmeet discovered the difficulty. The knots were untied, the kinks untangled and the woman straightened out. She will no more resolve herself into a circus.

THOSE NAUGHTY GIRLS.

They Give a Bashful Bachelor a Terrible Fright and a Home Run.

There lives near Charlottesville, Va., a fascinating young bachelor, who tills his ancestral acres with his own hands. During the recent heated spell he was engaged in plowing his corn, and the excessive redhotness of the temperature constrained him to shed more than the regular amount of clothing, in order that he might extract as much comfort as possible from the sky breezes that occasionally flitted about his undraped extremities. While the amount of his drapery was limited almost to that one snowy garment which the lines of Hood had immortalized, some evil spirit moved a bevy of fair maidens to call upon the industrious bachelor. Finding his mansion locked they proceeded to the field. At the turn of a row the unfortunate plowman caught glimpses of the fair invaders. His pantaloons were at the other end and terror seized him. What should he do? Should he meet the maidens at so great a disadvantage or should he escape to the friendly shade of the neighboring thicket? Discretion finally gained the mastery and his two stout and unencumbered legs bore him homeward with the velocity of the wind. At a convenient distance his tormentors followed, and as they reached a rise of ground overlooking the bachelor's hall they saw a figure half draped in a robe of flowing white disappear through the window of his rustic lodge. They had come; they had seen; they had conquered.

GRIDLEY CARRIES THE KEY,

Which Will Cost Him a Suit for Damages for Trifling With a Young Lady's Affections.

For several days past it has been whispered in Bloomington's, Ill., toniest circles that Miss Vina Farley, a beautiful and estimable young lady well known and highly esteemed, contemplated a suit for breach of promise against Edward B. Gridley, an excellent young business man, who also moves in the first circles of the city. Miss Farley is a lady of about 20 years of age and is very interesting in conversation and attractive in appearance. She is a farmer's daughter, her parents for several years past having lived on a farm a few miles east of the city. While she has been numbered among the society ladies of that city she has resided with her sister, Mrs. S. K. Vannatta, on East Jefferson street. Mr. Gridley, who, rumor says, will be the defendant in this important suit, in 23 years of age, is the son of the late Gen. Gridley and is considered the wealthiest young man in the county and is endowed with excellent business qualifications.

It was in the summer of 1880 that this young couple fell into each other's society and their friendship's tie, so the story goes, soon ripened into affection. The engagement was sealed with a gold bracelet which was encircled about her wrist by her affianced. The key he turned and locked the jewel to remain unbroken till their wedding day. Their plans were laid and a bright and happy future loomed up before the young lady, accompanied with all the pleasures this earth affords. For several months they were continuously thrown in each other's society and it began to be whispered throughout society that they would soon wed. It is said that the matter progressed with such a prospective future that the time they were to be made one was fixed upon.

A few months since Mr. Gridley perceived an opportunity to renew his affections with a Miss Ora Walton, an excellent society lady whom he had long loved, and the cold shoulder was turned to Miss Farley, placing her in an embarrassing position toward society, and one day the matter was forever settled by his taking Miss Walton for a life partner.

Mr. Gridley yet carries the key which only can open the seal that sealed his engagement with Miss Farley.

Miss Farley, feeling unjustly treated, engaged Mr. H. H. Green, an attorney, to look after the rights law and society give her in the matter. Mr. Green, it is understood, in behalf of Miss Farley, a few days since entered into a written stipulation with Mr. Gridley, forever settling their differences and releasing him from his engagement by his paying the sum of \$6,000. Before the stipulation was carried out, for some reason Mr. Gridley desired to be released from the stipulation, and the matter then reverted back to its old notch.

For the sake of the innocent ones concerned in the commencement and result of legal proceedings, the matter has remained quiet, and now, as Mr. Gridley has united in marriage with another lady, it is understood that within a short time a declaration will be filed in the case suing for \$20,000 or \$25,000. Mr. H. H. Green will be the leading counsel in the case, and will be assisted by Messrs. Rowell and Hamilton.

HUNTING STEWART'S BODY.

New York Detectives Working a Clue that May Turn out a Hoax.

On the 13th inst. there was handed to J. M. Fuller, a New York private detective, by a boy, a package containing an oil painting mounted on canvas a foot square. It was evidently the work of an amateur artist, but the surrounding objects were sufficient to identify the spot. The place indicated is an unoccupied lot in the Cypress Hill's Cemetery, in the suburbs of Brooklyn, near the old stone conservatory adjoining the Jewish cemetery. It is known as plot No. 18 on the Lake road north from the avenue of West Dolorosa. Mr. John T. Runcie, superintendent of the cemetery, is the owner of the plot, and has held it since the cemetery was started. It is by no means a lonely spot so far as graves are concerned, as there are many plots occupied in the vicinity. The roadway, the old conservatory, the picket fence, the prominent trees, a pile of cordwood, and some conspicuous stones were all faithfully put down, and in Mr. Runcie's plot a space was painted white, with the inscription, "Cypress Hills; Stewart is buried here." With the painting was a note in a woman's hand, which said: "The violet bed was removed the middle of April. Do not make inquiries of the man about the grounds, or allow the painting to be seen. You will be followed if you are seen making special observations." This was signed "Cor."

Detective Fuller made some fruitless efforts to discover the writer of the note and the sender of the painting. After some correspondence with Mr. Hilton, Detective Fuller went to the cemetery on Saturday, the 20th inst., and commenced to dig. Mr. E. D. Harris, an agent for Mr. Hilton, was with him. The digging was begun by three men, armed with picks and spades. At first an effort was made to sound different points with a long iron rod. While the men were digging, three detectives

from the New York Central office appeared on the scene, but took no part in the affair. Mr. Harris did not stay long to witness the excavations. First a trench about the size of an ordinary grave was dug at the spot indicated on the painting. Nothing indicating the presence of any human remains was found. The soil was all made ground, as the place has been used for dumping for two years. Detective Fuller explained the failure to find anything by the hypothesis that he had only reached the depth of the made ground, and that the soil in which the body of Mr. Stewart was placed was yet to be reached. Other excavations were, however, made at different points in the plot, and the trench was extended twelve or fifteen feet without result.

While the work of excavating the spot was going on Detective Fuller noticed a man working in the cemetery near by who, he thought, was watching the operations in a suspicious way. The man, however, proved to be one of the regular workmen of the cemetery. Upon the theory that this man or someone else was watching the spot to remove the remains in case of any attempt at their recovery, Detective Fuller determined to have the place guarded until the excavations had been completed. Accordingly he detailed two detectives to guard the spot at night. A great many persons are interested in regard to the whole matter as a stupendous hoax.

YOUNG ASAY'S SORROWS.

What Followed an Attempt to Introduce a Siren Into Good Society.

Lake View, Ill., experienced a social sensation Wednesday night that almost turned that little suburb inside out.

James F. Asay, well known about town as the son of his father, undertook with the assistance of his coachman, a woman he has represented as his wife, to introduce the son of Col. Thomas Shirley, a Lake View neighbor. The darkey, it is said, lay in wait for the lad and enticed him within the Asay inclosure, when all three set upon him. A terrible clatter at once broke loose and thereupon the genial Tom Shirley appeared and moved to the rescue of his boy. When the darkey saw the Falstaffian figure of the Colonel moving down upon the party he, it is said, leaving the boy to Asay and the woman, turned upon the siren. The struggle did not last many seconds but the noise was considerable. When the combatants had drawn apart it was found that young Shirley was uninjured, that the woman had only lost her back hair and that Jim Asay had simply had his hair pulled out of curl. The Colonel, however, it appears, was struck in the side of the head with a stone by the darkey. He escaped, however, without being out with a razor. The explanation of this brawl is a long and disgraceful story.

On May 1 Asay, with a woman he represented as his wife, moved into the Schwochow cottage at Lake View. Without making any determined effort Asay has nevertheless been quietly introducing his "wife" to society. Not long ago there was a school reception and at this Mrs. Asay presented herself and obtained an introduction. When the good ladies of the place returned home after this dissipation they announced to their husbands that they had met "Mrs. Asay." It was then gently intimated to some of these good ladies by their husbands that Mrs. Asay was not a person with whom they could safely associate. Much inquiry and gossip followed. The beating that young Shirley got followed upon the heels, it is said, of some remarks he made concerning the alleged Mrs. Asay.

The woman who has been figuring in Lake View society as Mrs. Asay is none other than Ida Livingston, a well-known *femme de fete*, who has for a year or more been playing Camille to young Asay's Armand. She showed herself to be a woman of wit two years ago by successfully fleeing young Oppenheimer, a defaulting clerk who embezzled a large amount of money and poured it into this Delilah's lap. Oppenheimer became infatuated with the woman, gave her bonds, money, jewels, horses, and a house and lot. The siren was thrust to jail at the time of that scandal. She showed, it is said, considerable determination in her negotiations with the authorities, but in her treatment of her fallen Hebrew lover she showed the heartlessness of a Nana. It was not long after that young Asay, who had even during her escapade with Oppenheimer been the *bon ami* of the woman, began to live with her. Long before this he had separated from his wife, a most estimable young woman. Until last spring the couple lived in this city.

A very few people know that a few weeks ago a divorce was obtained by young Asay's wife. The ground alleged was desertion; a default was allowed; the papers were improperly withdrawn from the record, and the divorce obtained without the facts being made public. At the time of the bringing of this suit certain of Asay's friends visited the newspaper offices and requested that no publicity be given the matter. Young Asay was assignee of Cogswell & Co., jewelers, and although he received a large amount of assets, it is alleged that he has not as yet paid any of them out in dividends.

A PARTY of ladies near Collinsville, Ala., were caught in a storm and sought shelter in an old shed. A strong wind demolished the dilapidated structure, and one was killed.



GUITEAU GETS MAD,

AND TRIES TO DO FOR A KEEPER WHAT HE FAILED TO DO FOR THE PRESIDENT,
BUT AGAIN GETS LEFT; WASHINGTON, D. C.



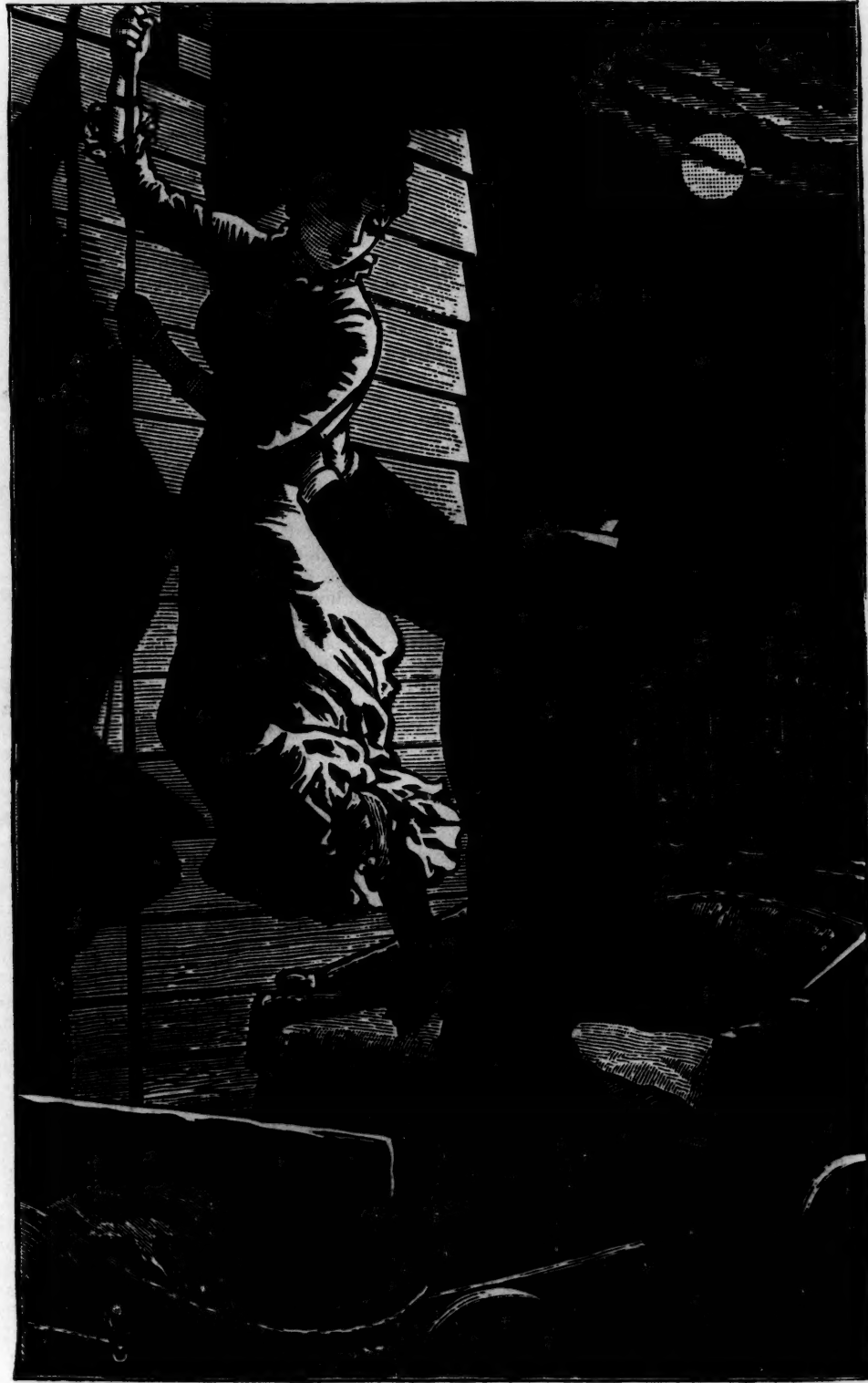
AN UNWILLING BEER-GUZZLER.

THREE YOUNG LADIES SUCCESSFULLY QUIET A TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE, AT
TOPEKA, KANSAS.



PARLOR ATHLETICS.

HOW A BELLE WHO WAS BORN TIRED COMBINES EXERCISE, FRENCH NOVELS AND
FIVE O'CLOCK TEA TO HER IMMENSE SATISFACTION; NEW YORK CITY.



BY THE LIGHTNING-ROD ROUTE.

A YOUNG LADY'S METHOD OF DECEIVING THE OLD FOLKS AND MEETING HER
LOVER, AT KEABNEY, MO.



PRACTICE IN THE CIRCUS RING.

THE DAILY REHEARSAL BY WHICH OUR SPANGLED STARS ENSURE THE SAFETY AND SPLENDOR OF THE NIGHTLY PERFORMANCE.



A WEDDING BANQUET KICKED INTO CHAOS.

HOW A YOUNG BRIDE SERVED HER WEDDING FEAST BECAUSE HER HUSBAND WOULD NOT ALLOW WINE ON THE TABLE; NEW YORK.

AMERICAN PRIZE RING

its Battles, Its Wrangles, and Its
Heroes---Great Fistic Encoun-
ters Between Pugilists of
the Past and Present.

The Progress of Pugilism---The Great
Battle Between Tom Allen and
Ben Hogan.

How Walker Died from the Punish-
ment He Received in His Fight
With Weeden, Etc.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE.

After the Hicken and Campbell fight, at Col-
lier Station numerous battles followed.

The next great battle was between Mike Mc-
Coole of St. Louis and Tom Allen of Birming-
ham, England, then residing at St. Louis. The
pugilists had met before in the ring at Foster
Island on July 15, 1869, and Allen, was cheated
out of the fight by the roughs after beating
McCoole to a jelly in seven rounds.

The fact that they were again going to fight
for \$2,000 and the championship created quite
a sensation in sporting circles and Allen was
booked for a winner.

The fight was fought on Chateau Island, St.
Louis, Sept. 23, 1873. Arthur Chambers and
Patsy Sheppard seconded Allen. Allen made
short work of McCoole; he battered him in
such a terrible manner and punished him so
brutally that the spectators, and even Allen
himself begged of McCoole's seconds to take
him away. McCoole refused to give in, and
after 29 rounds had been fought in 20 minutes
Allen was declared the winner of the cham-
pionship.

Allen's defeat of McCoole robbed the latter
of all pugilistic ability and he retired from the
ring. The ex-champion amassed a fortune in
St. Louis but squandered it after his wife left
him.

He is still living and following his old occu-
pation as boatman on the Mississippi River.
He is a plucky, generous pugilist, but lacks
the quickness and science necessary to cope
with such pugilists as Allen, Mace, and
Coburn.

The next important battle was between Tom
Allen and Ben Hogan (now the reformed pug-
ilist and preacher). They were matched to
fight for \$2,000 and the championship. The
pugilists and their friends chartered the
steamer Continental to carry their friends to
the battle ground. Jack Looney had charge
of the management, and Captain O'Keefe, the
captain of the steamer, undertook to run the
party to Chateau Island. The steamer was
run over to East St. Louis and the authorities
stopped the proposed fight.

A week later the pugilists agreed to meet at
Kansas City. Few sporting men from the
East went to witness the battle as it was
known it would end either on the "win,
tie or wrangle" principle.

A ring was erected a short distance from
the city. Jack Sweeney and Sherman Thur-
ston seconded Hogan, and Arthur Chambers,
who had seconded Allen when he whipped
McCoole, and a friend seconded Allen. Only
one solitary house stood within miles of the
battle-ground.

Three rounds were fought, when Hogan
claimed Allen had struck a foul blow, and the
fight was broken up by the crowd, who drew
knives and revolvers. Allen would have won
the fight, if he had not already won it, had the
referee enforced the rules. Eagan, of St.
Louis, returned both pugilists their money
back, and the fight ended in a draw.

Following these battles were several of minor
importance and several furies.

Allen, some time after his fiasco with Hogan
was matched by Arthur Chambers to fight
George Rooke. The match was made and the
time and place fixed for the battle. Allen, at-
tended by Chambers, was in the ring pitched
near Pittsburg, but Rooke never left New
York. Harry Hill held the stakes and re-
turned both pugilists their money. If the
fight had been fought Allen would have either
won or Rooke's backers would have broken up
the mill.

Few important battles occurred in the prize
ring after this until 1876.

On March 22, 1876, near Newark, N. J., Mike
Cleary of Philadelphia and James Weeden
fought for \$1,000. Cleary stood then 5 feet 7½
inches in height and weighed 135½ pounds.
Weeden stood 5 feet 4½ inches in height and
weighed 127½ pounds.

The day was charming. A sharp wind
whistled merrily from the north-west, but soon
the warm rays of the sun tempered it deli-
ciously, and in its exhilarating character re-

mindful one of Tom Sayers' remark to Heenan
when they put up their hands before each
other, "If a man can't fight to-day he can't
fight at all." In tossing for corners Cleary
won, and he chose that which placed his back
to the sun.

Fred Smith was announced as umpire for
Weeden, while Andy Hanley looked after the
interests of Cleary in like position. Mike
Donovan and Sam Collyer filled the responsi-
ble and arduous offices of seconds for Cleary,
and Arthur Chambers and Harry Hicken
looked out for Weeden. Mr. Charles Wallace,
of Philadelphia, accepted the position of ref-
eree, and, taking his place near a middle
stake, the colors of the principals were tied
around the top of the stick. Collyer fixing
Cleary's—a white ground with green border, a
shamrock in each corner, with the harp of
Erin in the centre—while Chambers secured
Weeden's, a white ground with blue border,
the "green being above the blue."

Without loss of time the men commenced to
strip, and in two or three minutes their com-
pact, solid and sinewy frames were visible to
their Corinthian brethren, and all shouted at
the picture of physical beauty presented.
Each wore white drawers, which were alike,
excepting that Weeden's were adorned with
a blue and red stripe at the sides. Wrapped
in blankets, the young gladiators, with curled
lips and determined expressions, awaited the
command to commence the work of hammer-
ing each other's face out of all semblance to
humanity.

The next instant Prof. J. Clark jumped into
the enclosure, and, looking all around, said
with great deliberation, "I'll bet any man \$50
\$75 or \$100 that Cleary wins the fight. Does
anybody want it?" There was no response.
When, waiting a few seconds, he further
shouted, "And I'll bet \$10 or \$20 that Cleary
gets first blood and first knock down." To
this offer there were no takers, and Clark put
up his money.

Sam Collyer, one of the pluckiest pugilists
that ever stepped across a rope, skipped to the
middle of the ring, and calling the other sec-
onds they shook hands to Collyer's benedic-
tion of "Let's all be men and make this a
gentle affair."

Back to their corners they stepped, when, at
twenty-eight minutes past eleven o'clock,
"Time" broke the silence and Cleary and
Weeden assumed hostile attitudes and com-
menced the fight.

The battle was a long and desperate one, but
we have no space to give the rounds. The bat-
tle demonstrated that Weeden was as game a
pugilist as ever stood in the arena. For
seventy-eight rounds the pugilists fought and
it was then anybody's battle.

In the 79th both closed, and Weeden was
thrown, Cleary falling on him. Weeden struck
Cleary when down and the referee then de-
clared the blow a foul, and at last gave the
fight to Cleary.

The next great battle was between Billy
Walker and James Weeden. They fought for
\$400 at Pennville, N. J., August 31, 1876.

Weeden is 5 feet 4½ inches, and was born in
England. He is very shrewd in the ring, a
hard hitter and a long stayer. His face is
something to be admired for withstanding
punishment and not showing it.

Walker was of German extraction, twenty-
one years old, 5 feet 5½ inches high. It was
his second fight. His ring career commenced
and ended in front of Weeden.

We have not space to publish the full report,
but reproduce the last two rounds.

In the 75th round Weeden punished Walker
in the face terribly with both hands, and he
could not respond. His only return to Wee-
den's savage work was a feeble attempt with
his left. Then they clinched and Weeden
gave Walker the back heel and fell on him, the
crack, as he struck the ground, seeming like
that of a whip. Walker looked very stupid as
he was roughly taken to his corner by his
seconds. His face up to this time had not
looked terribly bad, but suddenly it seemed to
grow shapeless and become badly discolored.
His eyes had been nearly closed and his lip
greatly swollen, and his left cheek was in a
poor plight. Weeden showed the cut under
his right eye, the gash over his nose, or rather
to the right of it, his damaged ear and his
lumpy left face.

In the 76th and last round on time being
called Walker had not recovered from the fall
and punishment of the last round, and he
came up staggering. To show his bewildered
state his hands were open and hanging by his
side, though instinctively he clutched them
for an instant, but he did not bring them into
position. He should not have been sent up by
his seconds in this terrible condition. Wee-
den, perceiving his plight, rushed at him with
his whole might, smashed him with his right
and left with the force of cannon balls and,
then catching him, flung him down and again
fell on him with his full weight. A cry went
up to heaven from the more tender-hearted at
the cruel exhibition, while Weeden's friends
cheered him until they were hoarse. Referee
Gormley called "Time" for the next round
and Weeden responded, but poor Walker still
lay on the ground, and was insensible, wholly
oblivious of where he was and what he had
been doing. He was taken by Sam Collyer
into a boat and he died from the effects of the
beating. The fight lasted two hours.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMAN ODDITIES.

CHARLES STEWART, a negro, killed his wife
with a hatchet at Bay St. Louis, Miss., and was
taken from jail and lynched. His father-in-law
prayed for him and then helped to hang him.

A MULE with seven legs was added to the
kicking power of the country in Polk county,
Tennessee, the other day. The czar should
dismiss his Cossacks, and stable him in his
outer chamber. A mule with seven legs would
be worth a dozen regiments of Cossacks for his
protection.

ROSENDALE, Fond du Lac county, Wis., has a
sensation. For some time Dan Carns, the
butcher of that place, has pursued a systematic
course of abuse, his wife and child being the
sufferers. At last a number of men went to
his house, secured him, and gave him a suit of
tar and feathers.

Two negro women living at Sharpsburg, Co-
watta county, Ga., lately whipped three child-
ren, aged 5, 3 and 2 years, until their bodies
were frightfully lacerated from head to foot.
Two of them have died and the brutal women,
who are aunts of the children, have been ar-
rested on a charge of murder.

LORENZO SMITH, a blacksmith living in the
village of Liestville, O., was found dead in bed
Sunday morning. Poisoning was suspected,
and the arrest of Dr. S. Baker, a quack prac-
titioner formerly of Circleville, but lately in
the vicinity of Liestville, and suspiciously in-
timate with Mrs. Smith, has just been made.

A CURIOUS accident occurred at Ovid a few
days since. Mrs. Bent returned from church
and proceeded to build a fire in the stove and
then changed her dress in another room. Sev-
eral hours later she returned to the room and
found her dress burned up. The only possible
cause seemed to be that a spark lodged in her
clothing and her change of dress perhaps
averted a fearful accident.

A BALD-HEADED eagle hovering over St.
John's Island suddenly swooped down and at-
tempted to carry off a two-year-old child of Mr.
John Clancy's that was playing in a field alone.
The light clothing gave way with every tug
of the voracious bird and was torn into rib-
bons. Some men working near by came up
in time to save the child from injury, but the
eagle refused to go away until shot.

TEN families, numbering about fifty persons,
were turned out of a large two-story house at
Lynn, Mass., by the board of health, last week.
The inmates barred the doors and windows
when the evicting officers arrived, and an ex-
cited mob gathered in the street, threatening
violence if the officers didn't clear out. When
they began operations on the windows, after
trying the doors, the mob closed in on them
and made lively work for a few minutes.

NEAR CONNERSVILLE, Ky., a few nights since,
a fiendish act was committed by some men, who
took a valuable mare from the stable to a dis-
tant cornfield, saturated her hair with turpen-
tine, and set fire to it. They then sharpened
sticks and pierced the mare's body with them.
These they also saturated with coal-oil and set
on fire. Within the past few weeks two other
horses and a cow have been killed in the same
manner near Sadieville, in the adjoining
county to Scott.

THERE is a dearth in the feminine element
in Colorado. A paper of that State says:
"We want fat and funny girls to make us
smile all over and lean and fragile ones to
hang upon our arms, and petite blondes who
like to show themselves on sunny days, and
stately brunettes, so beautiful in the twilight.
We have mineral enough, and plenty of coal
and oxide of iron. The only lack of resour-
ces are those potent civilizers of their pioneer
brothers—the girls."

HIRAM BERRY, of Louisville, took a young
wife, though he is 70. His sons and daugh-
ters made so much trouble on the subject that
he reluctantly obtained a divorce, the charac-
ter of the bride enabling him to regain his
freedom without difficulty. But he could not
voluntarily give her up, after all, and at the
end of a few months he sought to renew his
courtship. She threw a can of concentrated
lye into his face, burning him so seriously
that he may never see again.

A COONES masher, returning from a visit to
his girl at Lansingburg, overtook a street car
going the same way and extended an invita-
tion to a young woman passenger to occupy
a seat in his buggy, which was accepted. On
approaching the city an irate husband de-
manded that the woman alight and drew a re-
volver on her companion. The young man
lashed the horse and drove off. At the home
of the enraged man a second meeting occur-
red and a pitched battle between the husband
and wife ensued.

WHILE in Chicago recently a citizen of Jack-
son, Mich., was paid, in a business transac-
tion, a trade-dollar, which afterward, on a
close examination, he found quite defective in
weight. Upon carefully scrutinizing it he
detected a little pin emerging from the edge,
and pressing it the face of the coin flew open
revealing on the inside the photo of a lady's
countenance. So admirably is the work done
that when closed the eye cannot detect the
place of contact of the detached circular face
with the body of the piece.

A MAN named Warner opened a dancing
school at Menominee, Wis., and also gave les-
sons on the guitar. He regarded his employ-
ment as sentimental, and largely dependent
for success upon the personal impression
which he made on his female pupils. There-
fore he deemed it necessary to be thought a
bachelor. He had a young wife, whom he in-
troduced as his daughter. But the deception,
though a pecuniary success, resulted in dis-
aster. The girls became enamored of their
teacher, and his jealous wife finally shot him.

AT Dallas, Tex., a nicely dressed and very
handsome young man, while on his way home
recently, after calling on a lady, was met in a
dark place by two fellows, who levelled pis-
tols at him and told him to hold up his hands
and be searched. He told them they had
struck the wrong man for he hadn't a cent
about him. They went through him and
found nothing but a key. They told him they
would let him go, but if they caught him
moneyless again they would certainly kill
him on the spot, and told him that if he would
quit visiting the girls and do more work he
would have more money.

A SPECIAL from Harrisonburg, Va., says that
Robert Lamb, who had been disappointed in a
love affair, ended his life by shooting himself
through the heart after quarrelling with the
girl. He requested her to accompany him
from the house. This she refused to do, where-
upon he left her, saying that it would be the
last she would see of him alive. He walked
about fifty yards distant, placed the stock of
his gun between the rails of a fence, with the
muzzle pointed against his breast, and then
drew the hammer back, exploding the weapon.
It was loaded with sixteen large buckshot,
every one of which entered his breast, literally
tearing him to pieces. In a few seconds he
was a corpse.

ANDY BEARDSLEY, of Ute Creek, M. T., was
on top of Old Baldy during a storm and was
struck by lightning. His hair was burned off,
leaving his head as smooth as a billiard ball;
his hat, excepting the rim, one side of his
clothing and one shoe, save the sole and heel,
were burned to a cinder. One side of his body
from head to foot was scorched, and strange
as it may appear, he was only stunned. When
he regained consciousness by firing his pistol
he attracted the attention of men in Henry
Messure's camp, which is situated a short dis-
tance down the mountain side, who came to
his assistance and took him to a place of shel-
ter. Is it not strange for lightning to strike
at such an altitude as the top of Baldy?

A BABY's grave at Glasgow, Md., received for
nine years the most careful attention, flowers
being frequently planted on it, and the sod
always kept in perfect order. Mr. Brown and
Mrs. Ellison, each unknown to the other, were
doing this work of love. Each had lost an in-
fant, and supposed this was its grave. Brown
erected a tombstone lately, and then a con-
troversy arose. Mrs. Ellison insisting that it
must be taken down. The church authorities
held several meetings of investigation with-
out reaching any conclusion, and then some-
body suggested that a neglected grave near
the disputed one be opened. This was done,
and Brown conceded that the coffin found
therein was the one that had enclosed his
child. The stone has been removed.

ONCE more the love of apples has brought
a member of the human family into trouble.
Early in last November a little boy of St.
Louis, Oscar Amerheim by name, left his
school books on the doorstep of his father's
house, climbed into the rear end of a passing
wagon and asked the driver if he might have
some of the apples which constituted the load.
"Certainly, take as many as you want," re-
plied the driver. The wagon went on, and at
the outskirts of the city the boy was seized,
crowded under the seat and held there until
late at night, when he was released, to find
himself at the door of a little cabin. There
he was kept month after month, and com-
pelled, under close watch, to take a hard part
in the work of the farm. Recently he escaped,
struggled along on foot to St. Louis, and the
next day reached his father's house, tired,
ragged and footsore. This is the boy's story;
the farmer has yet to be heard from, but he
will soon have a chance to present his side of
the case in court.

SWOPE and Mrs. Swope are barely out of
their teens, and yet they have found time to
meet, to court, to love, to quarrel and to part.
The Swopes live at Mendota, Ill. When they
parted the wife carried off the baby. Recently
the baby was taken by its mother to the court-
house, and the father, snatching it from the
maternal arms, tried to get to his carriage,
near by. Mother, mother-in-law and quite a
number of women performed a wild war-
dance around the paternal kidnapper, but the
kid was napped and placed in the hands of a
nurse in a neighboring town. Before the
child had been in the custody of the nurse
twenty-four hours the mother made her ap-
pearance and, before the nurse could offer
objections, she caught up the child, skipped
out of the house, drove furiously over into her
county and arrived safely at her father's house
with the little charge. The spunky heroine is
now master of the situation. Inasmuch as
both husband and wife are of wealthy and re-
spectable families the affair is causing consid-
erable interest for miles around Mendota.

STRANGEST BRIDAL TOUR ON RECORD

The Unaccountable Action of a Young Man—Was it Over-sensitiveness that Caused the Rash Act?—A Youth that Takes His Life on His Wedding Night.

About four years ago there lived in the city of Portland, Maine, a young man of fair ability and good education. He was beloved by all who knew him for his many excellencies. Always quiet and unobtrusive, a person had to become intimately acquainted to understand his true worth. One peculiarity was prominently noticeable, he was very shy in the company of ladies. A word from any of the fair sex would cause the blood to unduly mount to his cheeks, and he would stammer, act awkwardly and otherwise appear ridiculous. Nevertheless he was reckoned a good catch by the young belles of his native city. It was directly opposite with him while in the company of his own sex. A generous disposition, a careful consideration for the weaknesses of others, and withal everything that goes to make up a fine nature, he was gifted with; added to which was a universally acknowledged business ability. This latter qualification, coupled with a laudable ambition, induced him to leave Portland and seek a fortune in larger fields. He selected Boston as affording the best opportunities, and thither he went. One thing that made him select the metropolis of the East was because he could reach home very easily if occasion demanded. He readily, on displaying his recommendations obtained employment such as he desired, also a boarding place. In Boston as in Portland he soon became a prime favorite with all except the fair sex, whom he shunned on all occasions, though it was apparent to the keen observer that he admired them, but was overpowered by this inordinate bashfulness. The lady where he boarded observed this trait in his character and set her wits to overcome the young gentleman's misfortune. After due deliberation she came to the conclusion that if the subject of our sketch could by some means be induced to marry a good girl his weakness might be overcome by familiarity with a wife.

How to attain this object was a difficult riddle. The old lady took her young married daughter into the council and they together conceived the following plan:

One day the lady of the house told him plainly that he ought to marry some nice young girl, go to housekeeping and be a man. She told him of an estimable lady of her acquaintance who was dead in love with him. In fact, she did know just the girl to match his nature. After repeated lectures on the subject of matrimony, and graphic descriptions of the many charms of the maiden fair, the youth could hold out no longer and consented to an introduction. The young lady in question was informed by the motherly boarding mistress of the plan, and entered into the spirit of the transaction with an enthusiasm that was refreshing. She had seen her future husband, and truth to tell did admire him very much outside of the romance of the thing. They were introduced in the usual formal way but notwithstanding his drilling and preparation for the occasion he was as awkward as a western granger.

After a prosy courtship the young couple became engaged. Eye-witnesses say that for betrothed young people the wooing was the worst they ever saw. After about a year of occupying the same lounge when together, he on one side and she on the other, the wedding day was fixed, and the great, to them, event took place. Arrangements had been made by the couple to spend the bridal tour in Portland, the home of the bridegroom. Tickets and the best stateroom on one of the steamers plying between Boston and Portland were procured and the bridal twain embarked. The evening was a lovely one in May, one of those exceptional occasions in that erratic month, and a good many passengers were on board. Our two friends sat in a prominent part of the boat, she full of spirits, he very much pre-occupied, as though he didn't exactly know how to proceed.

After it began to grow dark and cool all hands adjourned to the main saloon. One by one the passengers retired to their staterooms until none were left but the bridal couple. Their actions attracted the attention of the stewardess of the boat, and she noticed that the young lady was very anxious to retire, for every now and then she would take hold of her husband's coat and endeavor to get him to go to the stateroom. Not another person was up in the saloon but the three above mentioned. At last, after coaxing had ceased to be a virtue, the young wife became angry, and by her actions it was presumed she was unbraiding her liege lord for his chicken-heartedness. At last he arose and she led him to the stateroom.

He hung back like a boy being carried to school by his mother when he didn't want to go. The peculiarity of the proceeding particularly drew the attention of the stewardess, and she determined to wait for further developments. They came in a way she little expected. It was not over three-quarters of an hour after the pair had retired when the stateroom door was flung hurriedly back and the husband, dressed only in pants and shirt, walked, or rather rushed, to the forward part

of the boat and plunged into the dark waters of the ocean and was drowned. The stewardess and the unfortunate wife gave the alarm, the boat was stopped, but no trace of the suicide could be found. Investigation developed the fact that the young man could not overcome his bashfulness and extreme sensitiveness, and that therefore he was driven temporarily insane and rushed to his doom without knowing what he was about. The unlucky girl returned to Boston by the next boat a widow, but no wife.

The body of the young man was eventually washed upon the coast, and his remains now rest beneath the soil in Portland. It is probably one of the strangest bridal tours on record.

THEY CAUGHT IT.

A Lot of Picnickers Chase a Supposed Cat and Make a Mistake.

On Tuesday last a party of young people of both sexes residing in Duke Centre, Pa., went to Riverside Park, a romantic spot on the Allegheny just above Eldred. It was their intention to picnic in the grove during the afternoon and enjoy the pleasures of a dance in the evening. While indulging in rural sports a little black and white animal ran across the greensward and disappeared in a pile of logs. "Oh, what a pretty kitty!" exclaimed one of the young ladies, "do please catch it for me." Her young man chivalrously set to work to capture the pet, assisted by the whole party. The best man began tearing down the log pile with superhuman strength and the rest formed a close circle around, the boys placing their feet close together and the girls spreading their aprons to keep the little creature from escaping when unearthed. When the gallant youth had nearly demolished the pile the object of their search appeared and he was about to grasp it when it flitted its beautiful bushy tail coquettishly, but did not look at all scared. Without the least warning it whisked suddenly around and the air was filled with a pungent, positively suffocating perfume, such as a man has never been able to distill from the rarest flowers. Every member of the party was involved in the fragrant baptism and a scream of horror arose, while the skunk walked leisurely away without molestation. Everybody gasped for breath a few minutes and all blanched as they inhaled the full strength of the horrible odor. It is needless to state that there was no dancing that night. The highly-flavored party boarded their wagons and started for home in a pestilential procession. All Eldred held their noses while they passed through the village and doors were shut and windows lowered. As travelers met them on the road and got one good whiff of the picnickers they looked faint and lashed their horses into a run. As the dismal skunk brigade approached Duke Centre they wanted to die, but fate was not so merciful. The evening breeze bore tidings of their odorous approach long before they were in sight and the population gathered in wonder to learn what was dead. Never did a picnic party return home under sadder auspices nor enter their several homes more to the amazement and disgust of their friends. It was impossible for people to receive them kindly, the smell was too awful. That night many little graves were secretly dug in back yards and in them were deposited sundry nobby Sunday suits and bright-hued dresses, ruthlessly consigned to an ignominious end.

SUSAN'S SOLICITUDE.

An Indian Girl's Efforts to get even with Two Naughty Caucasians.

Some three years ago a young man named Sutton, living over on the Indian Reservation, Ind., began paying attention to a copper-colored maiden named Susan Wapeconah. She did not frown on him, and before long the white man and the Indian girl became very intimate. For a while all went well, but gradually Sutton ceased calling on the Indian maiden and refused to notice her any more. She demanded an explanation of his conduct. He refused to give any, and she began a suit of breach of promise and seduction, laying her damages at \$5,000. When the case was called Susan failed to procure the necessary evidence of Sutton's falsity, and he was accordingly discharged.

Until within the last year Susan has had no admirers, but one year ago a young Caucasian named Joseph Richards met Susan, became enchanted with her and paid court to the dusky damsel quite regularly. So thick did they become that it was rumored that they were married. Richards, it seems, had no intention of wedding Susan. He went with her until she yielded to his desires and then, like his predecessor, Sutton, treated her coldly. A short time since Susan found herself about to become a mother and all her persuasive powers failing she determined to make Mr. Richards shoulder the responsibility of her misfortune by force of law. Accordingly she came to this city, stated her case to Prosecutor Good and that gentleman at once dispatched an officer to arrest Richards. The young Lothario had, however, heard of Susan's intention and skipped. Susan is the possessor of one hundred and sixty acres of land in that county and owns some other property besides.

SWINDLER AND BIGAMIST.

The Career of a Notorious Criminal—Arrest at Lynn, Mass., of Arthur Merritt, alias Who Recently Married Women in Richmond, Va., and Lakewood, N. J.—The Husband of Many Wives and a Bold Counterfeiter and Forger.

(With Portrait.)

The arrest at Lynn, Mass., through Pinkerton's Detective Agency, of Arthur Merritt, alias the Hon. Alfred T. Marvin, alias David Lindsley, alias Gen. Morton, and so forth, who has made himself notorious recently by marrying women at Richmond, Va., and at Lakewood, N. J., was made last week. Merritt's career for many years seems to have been devoted to advertising for governesses, marrying young women and widows, counterfeiting, committing forgeries and obtaining money under false pretenses. While he is known to have married no less than ten different women, very little is known of more than two of them beyond the fact that he was their husband. A requisition had been obtained from the Governor of Virginia and Allen Pinkerton went to Boston to take charge of Merritt and take him to Richmond, where he will be charged with forgery, obtaining money under false pretenses and bigamy.

Although Merritt has had so many wives he is not credited with living with any of them more than a few days, with the exception of one in New Haven who bears the name of Morton, by whom he has a daughter and with whom he has boarded at the house of Mrs. Kenney for the last three years. He is described as about 55 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches in height, of about 150 pounds weight, florid complexion, finely-drawn features, large gray eyes, of fine culture and appearance and an excellent conversationalist. So far as known by Mr. Pinkerton Merritt's history is as follows: His habit was to be absent from home at intervals, always returning with plenty of money. He always obtained passes over railroads by representing himself as A. B. Morton, president of the Coal Mountain, New England and State Line Railroad. In the name of Jas. Miller he obtained passes over the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad in 1879. In the same year he swindled a bank in Beloit, Kansas, out of \$3,000 on a forged draft. He also committed forgeries on banks in Eufaula, Ala., in 1879, over the names of William T. Morgan, Thomas H. Morgan, Wm. Foster and Henry Maynard. He attempted to swindle the Holton Exchange Bank, of Holton, Kansas, June 22, 1880. He also swindled a man in Joplin, Mo., out of \$2,000 and forged several drafts on St. Louis banks three years ago. He was arrested in St. Louis in the spring of 1880 and, being released on \$1,000 bail, forfeited his bond. The chief of police found burglars' tools and counterfeiters' and forgers' implements in his trunk, and letters and telegrams containing information to the effect that, in connection with rogues in Buffalo, he was soon to put aloft counterfeit money.

In May last Merritt advertised in the Hartford, Conn., *Churchman*, over the name of Thos. A. Marvin, for a governess. He received several answers to the advertisement, among them one from a Miss Turpin, of Richmond, Va., and one from Mrs. De Hart, the widow of a minister who formerly lived at Jamaica, L. I., whose father is the Rev. G. L. Hovey, a Presbyterian minister at Lakewood, N. J. Miss Turpin was a young woman of good family and after considerable correspondence, in which references were exchanged—Merritt answering inquiries to imaginary persons whom he had given as references—she accepted a proposition to marry him. Before they were married, on July 20, he settled upon her by will \$30,000. Immediately after being married, being identified by A. M. Brownell, the brother-in-law of Miss Turpin, Merritt drew on a forged draft for \$735 of the First National Bank of Madison, Wis., payable at the First National Bank of Chicago, \$250 in money and two drafts on the Merchants' Bank of this city. At the same time that he was making arrangements to marry Miss Turpin Merritt was making similar arrangements with Mrs. De Hart, who was then visiting a relative of her husband at Jamaica. He represented himself as the Hon. Albert T. Marvin, of the United States Legation at Paris, and made a favorable impression upon the widow's father at Lakewood, N. J., where the so-called Marvin went to make terms for the daughter. It was arranged that the marriage should take place in the last of June, but Marvin, feigning illness, it was postponed until July 11, when they were married by Mr. Hovey.

Prior to the marriage Marvin made an effort to get two drafts checked—one for \$500 and the other for \$3,400—but was unable to do so in the village and so borrowed \$100 from his new and unsuspecting father-in-law. He then took his Lakewood wife on a bridal trip and stopped at the Metropolitan Hotel in Washington where he left her, saying he wanted to go to Fredericksburg, Va., to visit his sick child. He went to Richmond where he married Miss Turpin and started on a trip with her. When he reached Washington he put his wife on the train and went back to look for his baggage. In the meantime the train started and he sent a despatch to his wife that he would meet her at the Windsor Hotel, Jersey City. He returned to the Metropolitan

Hotel, where he met the Lakewood wife and sent her to her home in Lakewood, saying he would join her there. He then rejoined his Richmond wife and took her to Albany. By this time Brownell discovered that the drafts presented in Richmond were forged and about the same time he read an account of Marvin's marriage in Lakewood. He wrote to ex-Judge Shipman in this city and put the matter in Pinkerton's hands. Merritt was traced to Albany where it was learned that he had had a draft cashed by Spencer, Trask & Co. in the name of A. B. Morton, taking a part in two smaller drafts, one on Henry C. Black and the other on Mrs. Kenney, both of New Haven. Marvin was then traced to Rochester and Albion. He left his Richmond wife at the latter place and returned to Rochester, where he caused a false account of injuries to Mrs. Turpin while riding in Richmond to be published. He sent the account to the wife in Albion and advised her to return home by way of Harrisburg, where he promised to join her. He, however, went to Toronto and had a forged draft on the Merchants' Bank for \$1,000 cashed. He then worked his way back to New Haven and from there to Lynn, Mass., where he was staying at the Sagamore Hotel. Mr. Pinkerton telegraphed to Mr. Brownell, who was in New Haven, and he went to Lynn and secured Merritt's arrest, which was brought about by the assistance of Chief of Police John Poe, Jr., of Richmond, and Chief of Police Webster and B. F. Adams of New Haven.

In addition to those mentioned above, Mr. Pinkerton has evidence that Merritt was married to two women in this city about three years ago under the name of Linsley; one of them he took to Washington, where he deserted her, and he served the other the same way at Chicago, after borrowing \$500 from her mother. Merritt was also married about a year ago to a woman in Painesville, O.; next to a woman in Jersey City; then to one in Philadelphia; also to a woman in Little Rock, Ark., and he was engaged to the daughter of an ex-Governor in Missouri. He has kept up a correspondence with his wives, but was always careful to mail his letters on postal cars, so that he might not be traced and he never gave directions where letters could be addressed to him.

TACKLED THE WRONG HOUSE.

An Elder of Zion Converts an Irish Woman.

There was a loud ring at the front door, and when it was opened, a bow-legged, dyspeptic mass of bones and flesh said:

"Madam, the Bishop has sent me, an humble follower of Christ, to minister to your earthly wants."

There is no question in the world if the woman had even been a Mormon, that the words would have made her weak, but she happened to be an Irish woman, of strong constitution, and she faintly said:

"Come in."

He came—wiping his feet on the parlor carpet, hanging his hat on the floor, and before the woman could get out of the room, he began:

"Are you still true in your faith? Are you sick, poor, blind, unhealthy, wicked, maimed or unrighteous? Do you believe Brigham was a prophet and Joe Smith his predecessor? Do you pay your tithing, go to meetings and visit the sick?"

Bridget, all paralyzed, just had strength enough to reply, "Yes," "No," "Oh, you get out," "What's ye giv'n us," etc., then came the question:

"Do you, dear sister, believe in the celestial doctrine of polygamy, are you willing to be one of the seven women that cling to one man, are—"

The way the Irish woman struck him with a chair, kicked him with her No. 9's, sat on him, rolled him up into a bunch and shot him out of the open window, anyone would have thought she had the best of it on one man she ever had in her life, and when the master of the house came into the parlor from breakfast, to see what the matter was, she was standing upon a chair, her apron on one arm, and a piece of statuary in the other, and bawling in a most stentorian voice:

"Ah, ye black-guard; polygamy! I'll sale yez to the devil!"

The elder will be out in a few weeks, with plenty of splints and bandages.

VERY TRAGICAL.

Near Saratoga, Santa Clara county, Cal., on Friday morning, a lady and her lover were out practicing shooting at a target with a Winchester rifle. While the gentleman was reloading his gun he handled it carelessly and it was discharged. The bullet whizzed by the lady's brow and went through her hat. She fainted from fright, and her lover, believing that he had killed her, became frantic with remorse. He prepared to slay himself. He placed another cartridge in the weapon, picked out a picturesque spot on which to fall, gave one thought to the magnificent sensation which would be created by the discovery of two lovers' corpses, composed his features to a smile of peace, and would then have sent a bullet crashing into his bosom, but the young lady regained consciousness and staid his cruel hand.



A WIG FOR A KISS.

AN ELDERLY BUTTERFLY OF FASHION WHO GAINED A CARESS OF A BALLET GIRL'S FINGERS AT THE EXPENSE OF A FINE HEAD OF HAIR.



FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

A COUPLE OF FUN LOVING NEWSPAPER-MEN CONVEY THEIR COMPLIMENTS TO AN EDITOR ON A TOMBSTONE; NEW YORK CITY.

Let Him R. I. P.

A couple of jovial journalists of this city had a powerful grudge against an editor who had made himself obnoxious to them by his treatment of their weekly bills, and purchasing a secondhand tombstone, altered the inscription to suit their special views of the case and deposited it at the front door of their foe's handsome residence. Next morning an immense throng gathered to enjoy the novelty in house decoration, and the lampooned editor woke to find himself the laughing stock of all the neighborhood. He tried to revenge himself by discharging the jokers, but they found employment on another paper, and their first work there was to describe the reasons of their leaving their last engagement. In consequence the editor was fairly laughed out of New York and is now trying to forget that he has ever had an epitaph written upon himself, in the seclusion of one of our country towns.

A Bald-Headed Sinner's Misery.

Quite a funny incident recently occurred at the Grand Opera House, Paris. It is the custom there for annual subscribers and other favored ones to have access to the stage and green-room during all performances. Jules Claretie, in his latest novel, describes the visit of a newly-made Cabinet Minister behind the scenes. In any other civilized country a minister would hardly find time, even if he had the inclination, to spend hours in the foyer dance of an opera house; to set off his swallow-tailed coat and black trousers against the gauze petticoats and pink legs of a lot of ballet girls. But in Paris it is different. Every night an opera is given there are men behind the scenes who have been so often that they have seen girls growing up from sucking babes to round-limbed, plump-bosomed creatures, full of false hood and without freshness of any kind. There are gray-whiskered old rascals eyeing women with lascivious looks, who have fed these same ballet-dancers, first with chestnuts and caramels, and later on with a carriage and pair, or a string of pearls from the Rue de la Paix. Such a one was the old man to whom a dancer was listening the other night. He was protesting heartily his love for



THE BASTINADO IN CHINATOWN.

HOW AN SIN IMPORTS THE PRACTICES OF HIS ADVANCED CIVILIZATION AMONG THE MEXICAN BARBARIANS.

the young lady, and was on the point of kissing her hand, when, as he stooped down, she snatched his wig from his head. At that moment she had to appear on the stage, and did so amid general laughter and applause; for she carried with her the old fellow's scalp as if by way of trophy. The applause was less loud, but much more humorous on the stage; for the gay old lover and his bald head had to stand a deal of quizzing from those who, like himself, were in the wings waiting for their "little dears" to return.

At the Point of a Pitchfork.

Cloister, N. J., is a pretty little place, with lots of pretty girls whose good names it will not do to trifle with, as one gay young sport learned last week. This darling blood hailed from Brooklyn, the home of Beecher, and devoted himself to making an impression on the girls. He was rather good-looking and succeeded in making rapid headway and was well received. It was not long, however, before ugly rumors began to be circulated and it was learned by the young ladies that he had been boasting that they permitted him to take improper liberties with them. A meeting of the young ladies was held and after thoroughly canvassing the subject the girls decided to rid themselves and the town of the bragging rake. To this end they armed themselves with pitchforks and one of their number procured a drum. The indignant damsels then marched to the boarding-house of their defamer, compelled him to pack up his duds and then escorted him to the depot to the tune of the Rogue's March. It is not likely that anyone will asperse the fair name of Cloister girls again, at least not this year.

The boarders at the Averill Park Hotel, at Sand Lake, N. Y., were treated to a straw ride on Saturday evening. A large wagon, thirty feet long, was arranged, and, with a load of hay and straw upon it, was ready to receive its precious load. A tackle and blocks had been arranged, and as each lady made her appearance she was gently and safely hoisted to the top of the load of hay. About thirty were thus raised, and the happy party were driven away amid shouting, singing and laughter. At Jim Clark's refreshments were handed them from the second story window.



THE END OF HIS VACATION.

A BEVY OF PRETTY GIRLS MARCH THEIR TRADUCER OUT OF TOWN AT THE POINT OF A PITCHFORK; CLOISTER, N. J.

Tied to the Track.

Willie Cantrell, the 13-year-old son of the section superintendent on the Indiana, Bloomington and Western Railroad, at Pekin, Ill., was sent to a field in the afternoon for potatoes. As he was on the way home he was met by a middle-aged man with a blue shirt and smooth face. He seized the boy, threw him down, and with a rope tied him to the rails. The man then secreted himself a short distance away. The road here is curved and has a heavy grade. The passenger train due at 3:42 was upon the boy before it could be stopped. He was struck by the side of the pilot, which broke his ribs and one foot. As soon as the train had passed, the murderous ruffian ran to the boy, evidently expecting to find him cut in two. But the lad had twisted himself to one side and escaped with the above named injuries. The man cut and threw away the rope that bound young Cantrell, and then made his escape through a cornfield. The train was backed up, and the boy was found in the ditch, moaning piteously. Several passengers saw the man go up to the boy after the train had passed over him, and witnessed his flight.

Police men and several parties are hunting for the brute, with the intention of lynching him.

\$1,700 Reward.

The Williams Brothers, Lon. and Ed., murderers of Charles and Milton Coleman, are still at large despite the vigilant efforts of the authorities to capture them. Charles Coleman was sheriff of Pepin county, Wis., and on the evening of July 10th attempted to arrest the Williams', both of whom were charged with horse stealing. A fight ensued, when Milton Coleman, who was under-sheriff, went to the assistance of his brother. Both were killed and the Williams brothers made their escape. The following circular has been sent over the country:

Five Hundred Dollars Reward is offered by Pepin county for the arrest of Alonzo and Edward Maxwell, alias Lon. and Ed. Williams, who killed Charles and Milton Coleman at Durand, Wis., Sunday evening, July 10th, 1881.

Dunn county, Wis., offers \$500. The Governor of Wisconsin offers \$500, and Henderson county, Ill., offers \$200 reward for the same men.

DESCRIPTION.—Edward is rather heavy set, broad across the shoulders, stout, well-built, black hair, dark complexion, had short black moustache, very sharp dark blue eyes, weight about 140 lbs., height about 5 feet 7 inches, about 30 years of age.

Lon. is not so heavy set, auburn hair, dark brown eyes, fair complexion, no whiskers unless artificial, weight about 150 lbs., about 5 feet 10 inches in height, rather sharper features than the other, about 25 years old, has lost the second toe on his right foot, both are supposed to be wounded with shot. They carry Winchester rifles.

Telegraph any information to

MILETUS KNIGHT,
Under Sheriff,
Pepin county, Wis.
Durand, Wis.

XX SHERIFF OF PEPIN COUNTY, WIS.; MURDERED
BY THE WILLIAMS BROTHERS, AT
DURAND, WIS.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

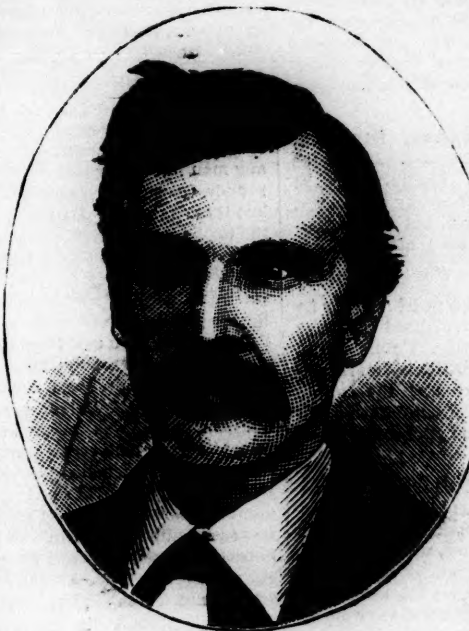
MAY GALLAGHER,

A VERY CLEVER SOUBRETTE.

Too Many Affinities.

(With Portrait.)

Poor Rachel Alexander's failing was as negro minstrel and burnt cork performer generally. She left off washing towels and lingerie about two years ago, and next appeared in the role of a "stuffer" in the Bella Union Theatre, San Francisco, in the "first part" of the entertainment, in what the bills would call the "galaxy of beauty." In strict theatrical parlance she would have been called a *figurante*. But in the Bella Union and similar theatres, "stuffer" is the correct appellation. The "stuffer's" work is to appear in very short skirts and flashy attire, to look pretty, swell a chorus, and to sell beer and liquid refreshments to the patrons in the "boxes." Our "stuffer" cast off the name of Rachel Alexander and assumed the nom de plume of Daisy Robinson. She was a pretty girl, of splendid physique, and was liberally patronized, through her solicitations. She conceived an affinity for one Otis Shattuck, formerly "property man" of the theatre, who was also a member of the Vampires, a trio of grotesque dancers *a la* Majilton. The Vampires left, and Daisy Robinson followed Shattuck as far as Denver, where he eluded her and married another woman. Daisy returned to San Francisco penniless, but not a bit wiser for her experience. She then sought and obtained another position as "stuffer" at the Adelphi Theatre. She found another "affinity"



CHARLES COLEMAN,



MILTON COLEMAN,

DEPUTY SHERIFF OF DURAND CO., WIS.; MURDERED
WHILE ASSISTING HIS BROTHER TO ARREST
THE WILLIAMS BROTHERS.

Necessity's Invention.

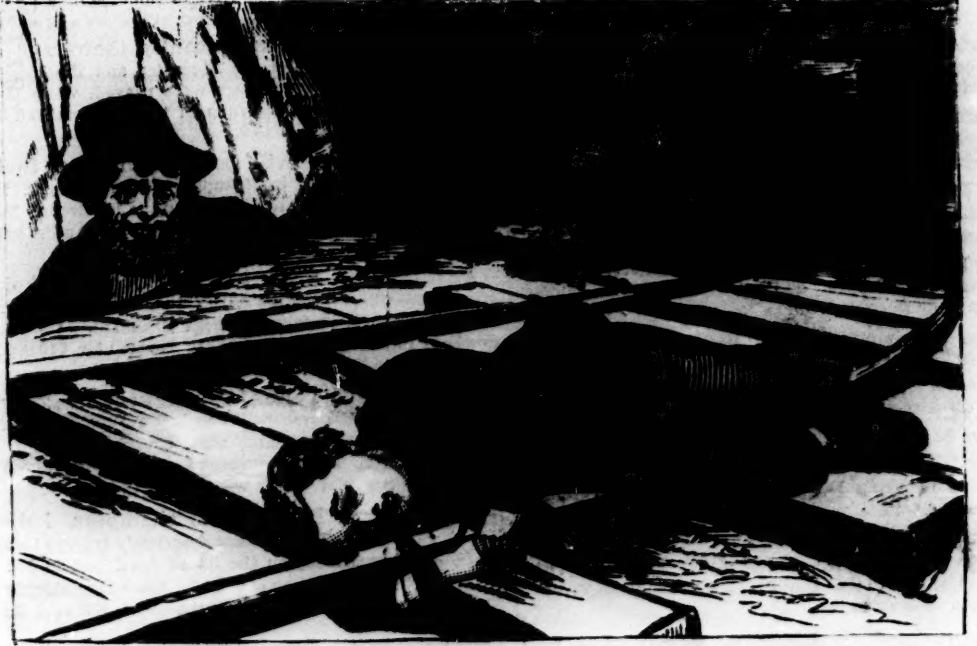
William Tyley, a tramp, was arrested in New York, the other day, for stealing a loaf of bread from the basement of a house on Seventy-eighth street. The bread was inside the grating door, and the tramp hooked it with a long piece of wire. He had with him a long reed and an ordinary table-knife. With the reed he is said to have sucked milk from pails inside grated doors, and the knife he uses to cut bread when he gets it as far as the bars of the door.

JOHN LESTER, a civil engineer, near Bilbao, Spain, was making a journey into France, when on arriving near the frontier, brigands carried him off a prisoner.



GETTING A SQUARE MEAL

BY NOVEL METHODS—HOW A TRAMP WORKED THE BASEMENT DOORS BEFORE THE SERVANTS WERE UP IN THE MORNING.



TIED TO THE TRACK.

THE WAY A FIEND IN HUMAN SHAPE, WITH SLAUGHTER HOUSE INSTINCTS, SERVED A LITTLE BOY, AT PEKIN, ILL.

Sporting News

FAIR BUT FRAIL!

FOLLY'S QUEENS;

OR,

Women whose Loves have Ruled the World.

Being the authentic and spicy biographies of some of the most famous of the half world's fair but frail sovereigns, from Nell Gwynne to the Princess Dolgorouki, including details and secret information never before published. Look out for Chapter I. of "Folly's Queens," commencing in No. 208 of the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, published Friday, September 9.

HINDOO won the Jersey St. Leger.

PAROLE won a great race at Long Branch.

A BICYCLE tournament will be held at Waverly, N. J. Sept. 21.

ENNIS's proposed six-day race at Buffalo, N. Y. still hangs fire.

WM. MULDOON and Clarence Whistler are wrestling at Denver.

BELMONT PARK, Penn., made \$8,500 by Maud's display of speed.

AFTER Hanlan defeats Wallace Ross he intends to go to Australia.

DONALD DINNIE, the Scottish athlete, is to visit this country this fall.

DICK MOORE, the fast trotting gelding, was recently poisoned at Boston.

THE stallion Melbourne has been purchased by Dave Bonner for \$7,000.

CHARLES ROWELL was to have left Liverpool, Eng. for New York, August 13.

THE Crescent Club of Philadelphia will send a four-oared crew to Washington.

FRANK RODGERS of Ruby Hill, Cal., is one of the best wing shots on the Pacific slope.

THE Springfield, Mass., trotting meeting has been abandoned for want of patronage.

E. P. WESTON has been engaged to deliver a series of lectures in favor of temperance.

It is reported that Glenmore will go to the great race at the Minneapolis race meeting.

LAYCOCK and Bush are to row for \$1,000 and the championship of Australia next month.

ELLIS WARD will train the Columbia Club crew of Washington for the National Regatta.

Up to July 8, Fred Archer had 229 mounts this season, of which 92 proved winning ones.

KATE McCALL, by Blue Bull, has been purchased by Julius Voelter of Pittsburgh, Pa., for \$10,000.

ENTRIES for the great four-mile heat race for \$10,000, to be run for at Minneapolis, Minn., have closed.

THE sum of \$2,500 will be given at the meeting to be held at Mystic Park, Boston, Mass., September 6 to 10.

CORNELL's crew on their return should each receive a leather medal in honor of their great failure as oarsmen.

MR. W. A. FORTH of Evansville, Ind., has paid \$10,000 for the trotting stallion Hardwood by Blackwood, Jr.

MRS. WM. MILLER, the famous wrestler's better half, is teaching a boxing school at Melbourne, Australia.

At the Albany, N. Y., bicycle tournament the State medal, valued at \$500, was won by Robinson of New York.

THE capital stock of the Casino, Newport, R. I., is to be increased from \$100,000 to just double that lofty sum.

OVER one hundred fire companies will attend the great Firemen's State tournament at Reading, Pa., next month.

P. LORILLARD's Iroquois looks like a sure winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, now Peregrine has been scratched.

BALTIMORE has a police athletic club, and it is a success. Why don't the brains of the police department organize one here?

PROF. WM. MILLER has fitted up a place in his gymnasium in Sydney, Australia, expressly for teaching wrestling.

If Parole regains his English form, he will beat more horses than will beat him at any distance under a mile and a half.

At Petersburg, Ill., the three-quarters dash for \$500 between Squaw and Beverly, Watkins' stallion, was won by the former.

THE victories of Iroquois in England and "exhilarant" in Paris will supply a new mode of dispersing the wealth of young America.

MATTIE HUNTER won the pacing race, free to all, for \$2,000, at Utica, N. Y., beating Rowdy Boy and Lucy, fastest heat 2:14.2.

THE New York Rifle Club has challenged the Massachusetts Rifle Association to shoot a match at Wat-
out Hill on or about Sept. 10.

WM. EHRENTFORT won first prize at the monthly shoot of the San Francisco Schutzen Verein making a score of 26 out of 30.

It is understood that John McKay will accept the challenge from R. J. Nagle, of St. John, for a 3 mile gent race for \$500 a side.

THOS LYNCH, of Boston, has accepted the challenge of Hugh M. McDonald, of Halifax, for another wrestling match for \$400 a side.

JOS. LAING, the Montreal sculler, leaves for Washington on Sept. 3, where he will represent the Dominion of Canada in single sculls.

THE Nautilus Boat Club of Reading has challenged the Crescents of Philadelphia to row a three-mile race at Reading on the 27th inst.

At Boston the sharp-shooters' rifle match was won by Charles M. Jewell, who scored 121. G. F. Ellsworth and J. F. Merrill each scored 119.

HINDOO has won 16 races this season and there is no knowing how many more he will win. All the stakes he has entered in are at his mercy.

COMMODORE KITSON offers to match Lady Rolf against any trotter in the country for \$5,000 a side, to trot at the Minneapolis Fair in September.

A FOUR-OARED shell-race between the Potomacs of Washington, and the Rappahannocks of Fredericksburg, Va., take place about Oct. 1.

HANTAN has covered Ross's \$200, and the champion and his challenger will now sign articles to row for \$4,000 and the single-scutt championship.

PATSY HOGAN offers to match Jim Keenan of Philadelphia (now in San Francisco) against any light weight pugilist on the Pacific slope for \$500 a side.

A GRAND rifle tournament is to be held at Atlanta, Ga., some time in December. Sec. Donaldson, of N. E. A., will have full control of the arrangements.

At Long Branch D. D. Stonehenge—Julietta colt, 115 pounds, which included 5 pounds extra—won the August stakes, and ran three-quarters of a mile in 1:16.

RECENTLY at Wolverhampton, Eng., John Keen won the one-mile professional bicycle race for the championship, a gold chronograph worth \$150 and \$10.

PETE LAWLOR, the pugilist, has agreed to fight Patsy Hogan's Unknown, Jim Keenan, for \$500. If Lawlor will fight, Hogan will match Keenan against him.

JUDGING by the number of games won by the Chicago base ball club there is not the least doubt that the League base ball champion pennant will again go to Chicago.

GETAWAY has run into form, and, along with Bootjack, forms a team that seems destined to accomplish wonders if their present excellent condition is preserved.

JAMES HOLLAND, the champion duck-boat sculler of Grosse Ile, invites any amateur on Detroit River to a race of one or two miles and return for from \$100 to \$500.

ALL of the Vermont light-weight collar-and-elbow wrestlers, appear to be afraid of Donahue, the blacksmith, whose challenge recently appeared in these columns.

THE Susie S. won the yacht race on New York Bay, beating the Parole, Mollie Brown and Mita, three of the fastest boats of their size that ever spread canvas.

JAMES QUIGLEY, of New York, and W. Brown, of the Boston Police Department, have decided to wrestle for a gold medal and the championship of the New York and Boston police force.

At Brantford, Ont., the lacrosse match between the Standard Club of Cattaraugus, N. Y., and the Six Nation Canadian Indians, was won by the former by a score of three games to two.

MIKE KENNEDY, the Pacific Slope runner, recently allowed Wm W. Snyder one-eighth of a mile start in ten miles for \$200 at Santa Cruz, Cal., and beat him. Kennedy ran the distance in 1h 5m.

THE fine form shown by Eole of late has suggested that while he may not be good enough to tackle Hindoo, a race between him and Crickmore during the Sheephead Bay meeting would be quite an attraction.

At San Francisco, Cal., recently, Charley Wiseman and Steve Lang fought for a purse. Four rounds were fought in seven minutes, when Lang was declared the winner. The police arrived after the battle was over.

At Halifax, N. S., the great wrestling match between Tom Lynch, of Boston, formerly of New York, and Prof. J. McDonald, was won by McDonald. The conditions were collar-and-elbow, best three in five, for \$500.

THE splendidly illustrated biography of "John Morrissey," forming No. 2 of the series "Fistiana's Heroes," will be the most popular book of the season in sporting circles. Richard K. Fox, publisher, POLICE GAZETTE office.

JOHNNY WIDEN and Steve Davis fought back of Lone Mountain, Cal., recently. Four rounds were fought in five minutes. Widen on the fourth round having been thrown received an injury that prevented him from coming to time.

At London, Ontario, recently, the quait match for the championship of Canada between Charles Walkenshaw of Wingham, the present champion, and James Dobson of Walkerville, the ex-champion, was won by the former—61 to 54.

At Worcester, Mass., recently, there was a great ball match between the Worcester and the Providence clubs. Thirteen innings were played, when the Providence team made five runs in the last inning, and won the game. Score, 7 to 2.

SPORTING men will be glad to know that William Sexton, the ex-champion billiard player, is again handling the cue and rolling up the hundreds. He expects to meet all comers this fall, and he says a French champion will not frighten him.

At Rochester, N. Y., recently, Orrin Hickok offered to bet \$7,500 against \$10,000 that next September he would produce a stallion to beat Piedmont. On the owner of Piedmont offering to make a match for \$10,000 Hickok quit as if he were playing bluff.

At Bradford, Penn., the eight-hour go-as-you-please for a purse of \$150 had twelve starters. O'Brien, of Ashland, Penn., won, covering 63 miles. Hourihan of New York was second, covering 61 miles 6 fms. Norman Taylor third, with a score of 61 miles.

MISS LIZZIE BAZMER, the champion lady bicycle rider of the Pacific Coast, has lately entered into the bonds of matrimony on the 3d of April last to Mr. J. C. Gemmer, a gentleman of wealth. She now smilingly says that she has given up bicycling and all athletic sports.

BOGARDUS, the champion wing shot, of the world has not accepted Mitchell's (of Virginia) challenge to shoot for the pigeon shooting championship. It is the first time we ever knew Bogardus to shirk a challenge. Perhaps his eye-sight is failing or his aim is growing unsteady.

THE first prize, \$250, in the All-United States 135-yard running handicap, was won by M. McNertney of Unionville, Conn. McNertney had 20 1-2 yards start, and his time was 12 3-4s. D. Bradley of New York won second prize, \$50, and Chadwick, of Newark, third prize, \$25.

At Derby, Eng., recently, the Derbyshire Friars' Cricket Club made a wonderful score. In one inning they made 742 runs. Capt. Johnstone and G. B. Barrington, the first two at the wickets, made 406 between them off the bat. Two days were occupied in playing the inning.

THE club swinging match for the championship of America between George Shields, of Hill, the champion of the world, was decided at Berry's Opera House, Williamsburgh, on the 20th inst. Hill won the match after an interesting exhibition by both victor and vanquished.

PIEDMONT won the purse in the 2:21 class at Utica, N. Y. in 2:21, 2:23, 2:19, 2:19 1-2. The two-mile race was won by Post Boy; Ambler was second; time, 4:57, 4:56 1-4, 4:55, 4:54 1-2. In the 2:34 class race Clingstone was first, Tariff second, and Kitty Wood third. Time, 2:23 1-2, 2:21 1-2, and 2:22.

At the home-and-home pigeon-flying match at Newark, N. J., between Antwerps owned at Jersey City and Newark, the twenty-four Jersey City birds made the distance, nearly eight miles, in 9 and a quarter minutes. The Newark birds had the wind against them, and were twenty minutes in getting home.

In the California annual stake for foals of 1878, to be trotted on September 20, Bonanza Mackay will endeavor with his br. f. Sweetheart to beat the time made by John Thompson's Kentucky three-year-old Phil Thompson, of 2:21. If successful, an elegant gold cup will be presented by the society.

THE annual race on the Thames, England, for Daggett's Coat and Badge was this year won by Geo. Claridge. The course was from London bridge to a flag-boat moored opposite to where the old Swan tavern once stood. Six competed and the winner's time was 33m. 20s. T. J. Blackman came in second.

It is said in Toronto that the champion, Hanlan, would like to row Ross at Toronto on or about the 1st of October, provided they can arrange satisfactorily for that time and date. If Ross goes to Toronto to meet Hanlan, he will have an opportunity to beat the champion on his own water, which may never occur again.

CHARLES HARRIMAN, the champion six-day heel-and-toe walker, has not yet accepted Fred Krohne's challenge to walk six days for \$2,500 a side. After the score Harriman made at Chicago (530) he should not be afraid of any heel-and-toe pedestrian. Perhaps he is not a good repeater. Krohne is eager to make the match.

A CONTEMPORARY devoted mainly to turf matters says that Postboy's two-mile heats at Cleveland, O., beat the record, 4:52, 4:52 1-2. Postboy's time at Cleveland was 4:52 1-2, 4:56, and the fastest two heats recorded were made by Steve Maxwell, 4:43 1-2, 4:51. Una equaling the time of the last heat at Rochester, N. Y., August 11.

It is reported that Wallace Ross, F. A. Plaisted, Warren E. Smith and John McKay are to comprise the Halifax four-oared crew which is to challenge the world. D. Shoff is the backer of the crew and has purchased the four-oared boat rowed by the Halifax fishermen's crew at the Philadelphia Centennial and will enter her for the Toronto regatta.

WM. E. WEEKS, the well known turfman, barely escaped being killed at Utica recently. During the 2:21 race he was driving Dan Smith. The harness gave way and Smith ran away, upsetting the sulky and driver. Weeks was badly bruised and run over, but not dangerously injured. The horse was captured after running against the three-quarter pole.

At the time Columbia College sent a crew to row the Henley crew, Cornell oarsmen claimed Columbia would be beaten and should stay at home. Columbia did not follow Cornell's advice but went to Henley and gained fame and glory both for the country and the college whose colors they bore on victory. Cornell followed and disgraced their colors and were beaten by schoolboy oarsmen.

In the grand champion scullers' race at Grafton, Australia, Laycock had to meet Bush and Messenger. The latter was out of trim from the start. Bush led for a little more than half the course, when Laycock led, and gave him his wash. A desperate effort on the part of Bush enabled him to once more lap Laycock, who finally won by half a length. The winner was very much exhausted.

MISS BELLA COOK, of California, is matched to ride ten miles against Miss L. Williams, of Kansas, for \$2,000 a side. The race will take place on September 14 and during the annual fair held there. Ground is not to be touched except during change of horses and the time to be made is not to exceed 30 minutes or the race will be declared void.

WE are informed that Jacob Schaefer, the billiard player, intends to go to Paris to engage in an international billiard match with Maurice Vignaux, the French champion. While we have no control over the champion's actions, we think there has been too many international billiard matches. Schaefer can, no doubt, beat Vignaux, but there is no American who will be allowed fair play in Paris, and, under these circumstances, Schaefer should insist on the match being played in America, if any is arranged.

A FEW days ago a mountain of humanity, with an awkward wobble, but with a round, plump pleasant and good-natured face, suddenly appeared at this office. It was no less a personage than William Heygster, the German champion wrestler, who rejoices to be styled the Oak of the Rhine. Heygster stands 5 feet 8 inches in height, weighs 240 pounds, measures 49 inches round the chest, 22 inches round the calf, and is what might be termed a modern Hercules. He has just returned from the "fatherland" and is eager to break some wrestler in two, either by throwing them or falling on them. He authorizes us to state in the POLICE GAZETTE that he is ready to wrestle Wm. Muldoon, Clarence Whistler, Prof. Bauer, Edwin Bibby, or any other man in the world. Graco-Roman style, best three in five, back falls, for \$250 to \$500 a side. Heygster is eager for a match, and agrees to cover any amount of money left with Richard K. Fox.

PADDY RYAN, the champion pugilist, was in New York last week and called at the POLICE GAZETTE office. Ryan has fully recovered from the effects of the wound he received and he never looked better. He desired to state that he is ready to fight any man in the world for \$5,000 and the championship. Ryan has opened a new sporting house in Albany and is doing a capital business. His numerous friends in Albany and Troy are

confident he can whip any man in the world. Ryan holds the title of heavy-weight champion which he won by beating Joe Goss at Colliers Station, West Va., in June, 1880. Ryan says he shall defend that title against all comers. Any pugilist eager to dispute Ryan's claim will have to post a forfeit and challenge him to fight for the title. The champion pugilist will shortly visit all the large cities and give a series of sparring exhibitions which will be well patronized, as his friends are legion.

At Saratoga a number of turfmen were recently arguing over the merits of Sullivan's, of Boston, wonderful fighting abilities. Barney Aaron, the ex-champion of light-weights and who is better posted practically on pugilism than any man in America, said: "Sullivan is a hard hitter and no pugilist has any business to fight him that can't stop his rushing." He says if Johnny Dwyer wasn't broken down he would be just the man for him. My gracious," he continued, as his eyes danced with glee at the idea, "wouldn't it have been fun if he had come out when Jem Mace was here. Oh! there would have been crucifying. When Sullivan would come at him, with his mad rushes Mace would just duck his nut, get right under his arm, and, holy smoke! how he would stop him on the shoot with the 'Darby.' Sullivan has never been fairly tried and I don't know whether he will stand punishment. If he doesn't flinch from the gaffs when he gets hit hard, he is a mighty unpleasant customer for any man on the top of God's earth to-day."

No match has been arranged between Hoey, of Boston, the club lugger, and Gus Hill, the recognized champion. Hoey wasted a quire of paper in challenges and posted no money until shamed into it. He then came on to New York to meet the champion at an appointed hour, but left just before Hill was at the place of appointment ready to make the match. Hoey then made several other appointments, but when Hill would be at one place Hoey would be at another. Hoey finally agreed to meet at Delameter's, 10 Cortlandt st. Hill, with the representative of the POLICE GAZETTE, was at the place appointed but Hoey was not at. Hoey "nally left for home without arranging a match. It is our candid opinion that Hoey does not want to meet Hill, for if he did he would have put up his money and made a match when he was in New York. Gus Hill desires us to state that Hoey is a humbug and looking for reputation, and that he will go to Boston and swing him from ten cents to five hundred dollars. He thinks Hoey wants cheap advertising but no match.

JOHN HUGHES, the POLICE GAZETTE's champion pedestrian, who won the first race for the O'Leary International Belt and covered the wonderful score of 568 miles, is again eager to compete against any man in the world in a pedestrian race. Hughes does not bar any one, as will be seen by the following:

"AUGUST 20, 1881.

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

"Sir—I see in the sporting department of the POLICE GAZETTE that Frank Hart has challenged Chas. Rowell to go-as-you-please six days. Now if Hart is anxious for a match I will go-as-you-please against him any distance from 50 miles to 600, for \$1,000 a side, or I will run Geo. Hazael 100 miles for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. To prove I can beat any pedestrian in six days, I will join in a sweepstakes, of \$1,000 each, and agree that the winner shall take all the amount. If Hazael, Hart or any pedestrian in the world desires to accept this proposition, I will meet them at the POLICE GAZETTE office any time they select, ready with \$500 or \$1,000 to make a match. I can beat Hart, Hazael, Vint or any one. If not, they win my money. JOHN HUGHES."

SULLIVAN, the Boston heavy-weight pugilist, gave an exhibition recently in Chicago which was attended by 3,000 spectators. Sullivan as usual offered any man \$50 that would stand up before him during 4 rounds, Queensbury rules, which are for each round to last three minutes. Dalton, a noted boxer and captain of the tug-boat "Ingram," accepted the offer. Dalton is 28 years of age, stands 5ft. 11 1-2 in. in height and weighs 185lbs. Considerable interest was manifested when it was announced Dalton had agreed to meet the invincible Boston pugilist. Few of the sporting men, however, had ever seen Sullivan use his pair of steam trip-hammers and they believed Dalton, from the ability and science he had displayed in previous contests, would win the Boston pugilist's \$50. Dalton made a great effort to best Sullivan, but he was never in the fight. In the first round Sullivan delivered a terrific trip-hammer blow on Dalton's jaw, which dazed him. The Chicago pugilist would not give in. He stood up like a log before Sullivan until three rounds had been fought and the crowd was satisfied he could win. In the fourth round Sullivan knocked him senseless and then presented him with \$25. Sullivan created quite a sensation and Chicago sports offer to match him to fight anybody for \$1,000 to \$10,000.

FROM present indications the owners of the Louisville fighting dog "Crib" are ready and eager to pit him against Charles Lloyd's, "Cockney Charlie," great fighting dogs "Pilot" and "Paddy," to fight for \$1,000 a side. The backers of "Crib" mean business and if the backers of "Pilot" are willing to arrange a match and as eager as they appear to be, the fall will witness one of the most important dental duels ever witnessed in this country. The following is a fair and honest proposition made by Lewis Krieger, the owner of the dog "Crib":

"LOUISVILLE, KY. Aug. 20, 1881.

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

"Sir: In reply to the dog fighting challenge published in your widely-read sporting journal I will make this proposition to Charles Lloyd, 'Cockney Charlie,' who proposed to fight his dog 'Pilot' at 27 1-2 lbs. against my champion dog 'Crib' for \$1,000 a side. I will fight the white dog 'Crib' at 28lbs. a fair scratch-in-turn fight, New York rules, against either of Lloyd's dogs 'Pilot' or 'Paddy,' and wager \$1,100 to \$1,000 or \$1,000 to \$900 'Crib' whips either. I will allow Lloyd \$200 for expenses to fight here. I will deposit also \$500 with Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, Lloyd to deposit the same amount, at any time he is ready to arrange the match. To prove I mean business and am anxious to make the match, I will mutually agree that the POLICE GAZETTE hold the stakes and will agree that Richard K. Fox or his representative shall be referee and his expenses be paid out of our part of the stakes. I could not in justice to 'Crib' bring him below 28lbs. or I would do so. I will also match an 18lb. dog to fight that Boston party's dog for \$1,000 a side, upon the same conditions. If Lloyd does not want to fight for \$1,000 we will agree that the stakes shall be \$500. If the Boston sporting man or Lloyd desires to arrange one or both of these matches let them post \$500 with the POLICE GAZETTE, draw up articles and forward them to me. I will sign them and return with a certified check of \$500 for forfeit, made payable to the POLICE GAZETTE. I will allow Lloyd to name the time of fighting but it must be within five weeks from the signing of articles. Eastern sporting men may think we want the best of it but it is a mistake and when we allow the POLICE GAZETTE to hold the stakes and appoint a referee it proves we only want a fair show for our money.

LOUIS KRIEGER.

"Louisville, Ky."

183 William street, New York.

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THE REVEL OF DEATH.

JENNIE CRAMER'S SWIFT JOURNEY FROM A LIFE OF PLEASURE TO A DISHONORED GRAVE—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE NEW
HAYEN MYSTERY.

(From Sketches by Police Gazette Artists.)